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An African Savage's Own Story

KIDNAPPED AND CARRIED TO EUROPE

BY BATA KINDAI AMGOZA IBN LOBAGOLA

In the practically unexplored "Bush Region" of western Africa, somewhat south of Timbuktu, is a race of "Black Jews," who call themselves "B'nai Ephraim," or "Children of Ephraim." From their neighbors, the wild, fetish-worshipping tribes that live around them, they have received the name "Emo-yo-Quaim," or "Strange People."

The traditions of the B'nai Ephraim say that about eighteen centuries ago, after the destruction of the Temple in Jerusalem, certain Jews fled to Morocco. Thence, following persecution, their descendants went south over the Sahara Desert, in the course of many generations crossing from oasis to oasis and coming to the city of Timbuktu. Again suffering persecution the B'nai Ephraim went farther south into uninhabited jungles and there, in the Ondo Bush, built the villages where their people remain to-day, 2,000 of them, now entirely black, living in twenty villages. In the face of the fetish-worshippers and the Mohammedans who surround them they live under the patriarchal rule of seven hereditary rabbis; preserve in a Holy of Holies ancient sacred copies of the *Torah;* follow many Jewish customs, and celebrate the great Jewish holy days. Otherwise, like their neighbors, they are naked black savages.

The author of this most remarkable narrative, Bata Kindai Amgoza Ibn Lo-Bagola, is one of the "Black Jews," a negro, a man born in savagery, led by fate to make his way forty-five days' journey south to the coast of the Gulf of Guinea. There, by accident, he was kidnapped and taken to Scotland. In his own words, in simple, unaffected style that has in it a kind of primitive strength, he tells the moving story of his adventures, and reveals the customs of his people. This is a human document of unusual type, an African savage's own story, Africa seen with the eyes of a native.

FREDERICK HOUK LAW.

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An African Savage's Own Story

I

I OFTEN wondered why white men never troubled to come to my country. They have penetrated almost every other part of the world. Perhaps if there were safe-conduct they might come; there is no other reason that I can find that keeps them out. David Livingstone penetrated parts of Africa where a white man had never been heard of except in story, just as is now the case in my home; and he went alone, without protection, save the power of Almighty God. He lived among the people that he visited, and endeared himself to them, regardless of their primitiveness. They never harmed him; they did a thing that few natives ever did; they carried his dead body, shoulder-high, through an almost impenetrable bush, to the seacoast; probably he was an exception; who knows?

When I was a child, as far back as I can remember, and that would be when I was about four years old, I heard talk of white people, but it was never clear whether white people actually lived, or whether they had been and had become extinct.

All I could hear my mother say was that if white men should come across us, they would eat us raw. She said they fed themselves only twice in the year, and that then they ate their young, if they could not get the young of other people. They liked children's flesh better than they did grown people's. My mother said that white people came as witches from no one knew where, but just appeared and disappeared. They were formed much different from our own men, because every white man had only one of everything: one eye, in the middle of the forehead, one leg, with a great wide foot, fan-shape, so that when he lay down the foot acted as a sunshade. A white man had no visible nose, and his mouth was large, and could be made much larger at will. He lived on raw human flesh, and could be seen in the bush just before and just after the rainy season.

Now what could you expect us children to see, when our parents told us such things? Especially when they were supported in their stories by men who had been accustomed to going away to different trading-markets? Some of these men had seen white men, but they knew nothing about them. That is reasonable, because I know, even in these western countries, where every one is supposed to be wise, that some provincial folk know that wild black people exist, and many have seen them, but they do not know much about them. I venture to say that they will talk to their children in no uncertain terms of "niggers," as the black men are called here. It is reasonable that I, as a child, never knew what a white man looked like; neither did my mother know, but she tried her best to picture one, and so did all the mothers, in my country, and none of them described the white man in flowery terms; they likened him to an outlandish monster. So that was my first impression of a white man.

Well, for my own part, I wanted badly to see one, and often expressed a desire to go with the men when they went out, to see for myself. I believe that was why my mother was so emphatic about

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their swallowing me up the moment they caught me; she would say: "They really and truly love to eat little native boys!"

When I would ask, "Why do they like to eat native boys instead of their own boys?" she would say, a native boy made them wise and gave them brain-food, but their own boys were as stupid as themselves, so how could they get any benefit from them? I believed this yarn, and many more like it.

I often wondered about the white man's village, for I could not picture a city, with houses of brick or stone. It never dawned upon me that white men could live in houses so nice as ours. I wondered about white men, that's all.

In the night, when fires were lighted to keep out beasts, and everybody was happy, singing or dancing and telling stories, all we boys sat with the men, but were never allowed to speak; we listened and were thrilled. We talked about what they said to each other, but the chief thing that was uppermost in our minds was: "How we would like to see a white man!" This was our frame of mind constantly; so one night we wanted to have some fun with the smaller children; we had planned to go away from the village just a little distance, and then run in and shout: "Oh! Oh! We saw a white man! He's coming! He's coming!"

This was sport, because we thought we could make every one laugh. Remember, we were only little children: I was seven; the youngest was five, and the oldest eleven. The oldest boy was not a bold leader, because he was as much afraid as we were. The youngest was pluckiest, because he did not know any better.

It was I that made the suggestion to leave the village a little way, only a little way; no one would know, and we did not intend to stay. The older boy argued against such a stupid thing; he reminded us what punishment to expect if we were caught going away at night. The youngest boy, whose name was Ojo-yola—and we called him Ojo, for short—made the big fellow give in to the plan.

Now it is not easy to leave a native village at night without some one's seeing you; and if you escape the eyes of any person, then there are animals and reptiles to reckon with. The animals prowl about villages at night, not always around the same village; some nights you may not see any outside of the fires, while on other nights you may see a host of them. Was it fortunate or unfortunate for us, that night, that there were no animals around the village? Problematical! However, I know this much, that if I had known that night a little of what I found out later, or a little of what I know to-day, I would say emphatically that we were *most* unfortunate.

So it took us quite a while to get out a little way, as we had first intended; and what with arguing, and talking, and passing remarks to one another, we had forgotten, for the moment, what we had started out to do.

Now I shall tell you the names of the boys: Akrim was the oldest; Ebunah was nine years; Suk-ram nine; Kef-tala ten; Abu-ghari seven; myself, Bata Kindai, seven; Oolou-oomi eight; Oye-jola nine; E-kush-e-ka, ten; Abu-nakir, I do not know how old he was; Fais-yunis was six; Redeem-ghosha six; Mishaam eight, and Ojo-yola five. How do I remember? Easily; under different circumstances I should have forgotten. But have you heard of any one's forgetting a train disaster, that he was in, or

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a shipwreck, with himself on board? No; impossible to forget, if you keep in your right mind.

We were walking, and chatting loudly, and Abu-nakir was trying to end a dispute between E-kush-e-ka and Akrim, over Akrim's giving Ojo-yola a cuffing for being impudent to his elders; and we would have walked, who knows where? when Abu-nakir shouted, *"Oolou-wi! Regel abiada!"* meaning, "Danger! White man!"

I think that was the first time that we thought of a white man since we had started out to look for one. We screamed and jumped, but could not run. Akrim became angry and shouted: "Enough of this! Let's go inside."

I said, "Yes, yes, yes; come on inside!" for every limb in my body was shaking. The strangest thing is that not a word was said about the real danger where we were; we only thought of a white man.

We cried because Akrim could not lead us out of the bush into the village. Then we heard sounds; Akrim led us away from the sounds; you should have seen us, falling over each other in trying to get first. Oye-jola screamed for his mother, and so did we all, in one loud cry, *"Ema! Ema!"* meaning, "My mother! Mother!" But Akrim tried to quiet us by putting his hand over our mouths and reminding us of the danger; but our crying and his helplessness unnerved him, and he too began to cry; remember, he was only eleven years old, a small boy like ourselves.

Every now and then the youngest boy swore that he saw a white man coming. So we did not walk straight, but just drifted along from spot to spot. After a while everything became darker than ever, which meant that we were out of sight of the reflection of the village fires. Why Akrim did not lead us to another village I have never found out, for poor Akrim never lived to explain anything; neither did any of the other boys.

We slept little that night; we put ourselves together as monkeys do when they scent danger. We made a ball of ourselves, by curling up together. The difficulty was that each of us wanted to be nearest the centre. But the more we pushed in, the tighter this human ball became. Imagine the danger from lizards and snakes! But we were too young to realize our danger. Just the same, we acted as the boys here do who, when they ride bicycles, try to beat taxicabs across the street. The boys here know the danger, but only in theory, until they are bumped; then it dawns upon them. It was the same with us; we knew all the dangers; why, had we not killed many a snake? Of course we knew there were dangers in the bush, but it never dawned upon us that anything could happen to us; we thought then of the danger of white men.

Even during the time when we tried to snatch a little sleep one or two of the boys would wake up suddenly and cry out: "White man!" If some civilized men had been in our position under the same circumstances, I am sure they would have gone mad, because they would have realized the great dangers of the bush animals and reptiles.

We ate breadfruit and bananas when we became hungry, and we did not have difficulty in getting water to drink, for in the bush, at short distances, are palms that give good water.

We drifted on and on, halting now and then to guess just where we were. We were lost in the bush! We never seemed to come to any open space!

One boy was stung by a hook lizard

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one morning, and the noise he made was enough to arouse every beast in the bush. I bit out the flesh where he was stung, and Ebunah and E-kush-e-ka tied the leg. While Akrim prepared the medicine, little Ojo-yola made a fire by rubbing sticks together, which took him a long time, but he succeeded in starting a blaze. After the medicine was good and boiling, it was applied. We boys did not know how to attend to him the same as the men could; we were rougher, but we got the poison out of his body, and the healing was simple; but imagine the pain he had!

We came upon a nest of horned vipers one day; that is, the place where they had once been. We soon left that place behind.

We slept always in vines, much as monkeys do, and we were fairly safe. One day, when the excitement had passed a little, and we were all less afraid, Ojo-yola, the young one, went from us to find some kola nuts, but before he had been gone five minutes we heard him screaming; and he came back running, all excited, saying that he had seen a white man. We were all afraid at the word, and dug a hole as quick as we could and hid. Do you know that we remained in that hole three days before any of us had courage to venture out! Abu-nakir became violently sick while we were in that hole, but we dared not come out to get him something for his sickness. We fasted all the time, because we did not venture out of that hole. But Akrim was the first to go out, and he told us all to follow him, and we did so. Think of the condition of our little minds. It all seems to me like a bad dream; I should not like to go through such an experience again, but I would not have missed it for anything, because it was so *horribly fascinating*.

Well, we walked on and on; and then we came to where there was a habitation. We came out of the bush after having had horrible experiences for forty-five days! We could see people, but not our people, because they wore something around their loins. So we were afraid to approach; we just circled around far from them; and we finally came out on the coast without being questioned.

You must imagine us, fourteen naked little black boys gazing out at the sea. The sea was *taboo* in our country, and we did not know anything about it; and if we did, how could we avoid looking at it? The way the great surf rolled in, and foamed, and splashed, and roared, bewildered us. When we first heard the roar of that surf we were afraid to approach, and at that time we had not seen the sea; we only had heard its voice. But when we did see the great sea we were fascinated.

We saw native black men get into canoes and paddle over the surf; we saw them get through that treacherous surf and go away out to something standing still; what it was we did not know, nor could we imagine. I said that it looked like a fish. These same native men climbed up this thing, and then returned to the coast; and nothing had hurt them, because they were singing. The surf threw their canoes onto the coast, upsetting them into the water. They jumped up and got hold of ropes and pulled their canoes farther up on the beach. This happened all day, and then that thing that had been standing out there in the water disappeared, and the men on the shore gave something around to each other, and began to sing and dance wildly, until all of a sudden they started to fight.

We did not know what it was all

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about, but we could see from a distance. So we went back to the edge of the bush and found food, and then we slept, because our eyes were tired. We had forgotten home, for that time at least; only now and then Ojo-yola started bawling, and then we all had a good cry.

But we were seeing some sights. For six days we watched these men, or different men; we did not know which, because we did not go close enough to see them clearly. We saw this thing that I had called a fish come again, and we were anxious to know just what it was. I suggested that we get a canoe and go out to it. Then the question arose as to where to get the canoe, and Akrim scolded me and said that we could not go near these strangers, because who knew but what they were related to monkeys? A serious remark, in my country. He added that we would not be away from our own mothers if it had not been for me and the devil that must be in me.

"And now you tell us to do something that will bring down another curse upon us!"

At this we began to cry, and even Akrim cried, for he was a kind, good boy and he loved me; so, when he saw me upset over his reproach, he said, "All right; let us get a canoe"; and he offered to take us to where we could find a canoe; and we all agreed.

Oh, how weak of him to give in! He should have pulled my hair out by the roots, instead of encouraging me in my folly. Anyway, it would have been better for him not to have listened, because he might have been living to-day.

We travelled nearly a day before we came across a canoe, and it was a very heavy one too; it was a market canoe. So all of us got under it and carried it to the coast, but it took us about ten days to get it there, because the thing was heavy. So when we got it on the coast we discovered that we had no paddles; it took us another week to get paddles. Now the stage was set for this last but tragic drama.

We tried time and again to get the canoe over the surf by pushing it out, but before we could scramble in and start paddling, the great surf threw the old canoe back onto the beach. We tried it so much the first day that we were fatigued and gave up, and waited for another day. Then the thing disappeared and did not come back for about eight days, and then the beach was lively again with men that sang, danced, and then fought, after each had drunk something.

So we started to launch our canoe, and, strange to say, we got out over the surf. Now for the paddling! After we had left the beach the water was still, but we did not know how to paddle. We did not know that we had to do it all together, until we noticed the men doing it so. We did not sing; we were thinking of crying. We did not know what we were approaching.

So we reached the side of that thing, but could not make up our minds to touch it; and we went all around and looked at it. Finally we came close, and stood up simultaneously, and put our hands flat on the iron plates. We pulled our hands off so quickly that you would have thought that we had got a shock or had touched something hot. But that was only our fear. We put our hands on the side of that thing again and held them there, saying to each other: "See! I'm not afraid of it! Look! Look at me! See!"

Then we pulled ourselves up a long rope that hung down the side of the ship. Yes, it was a ship, a steamer! There was no special thrill in climbing the

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rope, other than the thought of what we should see next; we had been used to climbing trees. But how can I describe the next sensation? When our bare feet hit the wooden deck there was but one thought. All the thrills came together; the deck, the machines on the deck, and last, but not least, the white men! We wanted to scream, but we were too astounded to open our mouths. We stood as if paralyzed, close together; the boy in front would get in the back, and so it continued until we recovered and got over our surprise. As for me, I was disappointed; even little Ojo-yola said, when he first saw the white men, that they weren't so wonderful. "There is nothing wrong with them; they are as good-looking as I am."

There were so many of them; they were all about the deck; and they did not hurt us. We had seen the white men! Was it worth the trouble that we had undergone?

The novelty of the white men wore off, but we eyed them with suspicion. The deck gave us plenty more to think about, but we never went near those funny people who wore trousers; we had never seen a man wear trousers before, so it caused us amusement.

We went over the deck; we ran, laughed, jumped, and skipped, because of the peculiar feeling when our bare feet touched the deck; remember, the deck was wooden, and our feet had never walked on wood before. But nothing held our attention long, because there was so much to see, and we tried to see it all. Oh, what a story we could tell when we returned home! But to return as we had come was impossible. We had been fortunate in reaching the coast alive.

But we talked about home, and how we should have old and young listening to our wonderful adventure. Our parents had never seen one-half the things that we were seeing. But we had lost caste at home, and our punishment would be severe. Akrim was silent when we chatted about our village. These home thoughts never remained long in our minds because there was too much to see.

I walked to a door and pulled it open; and there was a stairway. I shouted to Akrim to follow me, but he was busy with Kef-tala, arguing whether we should take something back with us or not; and Akrim said that anything that we should take would be *tabooed* by the fetish; and Kef-tala argued that he had once seen one of our men bring in something strange, and that he had been permitted to keep it after putting it in the *ju-ju* house for several days to drive out of it all evil.

Little did I think when I called out to Akrim to follow me, that it was my last time to speak to him. It was my last time to look at the faces of my little companions; one of them did not belong to my sect, and that boy was Suk-ram, a fetish boy; but it was I who had sucked the poisoned blood from his foot when he was stung by a lizard, away back there in the Ondo Bush. Yes, they were my companions, in laughter and in mirth, in suffering and in hardship; they were my companions. I weep today when I think of the pitiful plight that we were in when we were lost in the Ondo Bush. I smile when I think of the tragic humor when we were lost in the bush. Never to see them again! And if the thought had ever come to me then, I am sure I should have gladly died with them. And to-day, although I have aged and become a little civilized, I often wish that I had died with them.

Oh, the white man, who has meant so much to me in my life, and has cost

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me so much! He has given me clothes and money, things that I never knew before; but he has taken from me much that is worth while. I love my country. I love my people; but at the same time I am forced to hate my own customs, the customs of my father. I am neither white nor black, I am a misfit in a white man's country, and a stranger to my own land!

I was down in the hold of the ship, and I had forgotten all about the boys on deck; perhaps they were looking for me; I know that Akrim was anyway, but I was spellbound. It was the stokehold that I was in, and I sat down and watched the men working. I felt funny under there, but I did not fear anything. The men shouted and laughed and shouted again. Perhaps they were talking or shouting to me; who knows? who cared? I didn't, because I did not understand what they were saying.

But the thing—I mean the whole thing, the ship—appeared to be rising up and down; I attributed it all to the men and their shouting. I thought about the men who were in the canoes, and how, after each one drank something, they all began to sing and dance, shout and fight. Perhaps these men were doing the same thing. But this movement up and down began to annoy me, and like a flash I shouted for Akrim and started out of the place into which I had drifted. When I got no answer from Akrim, I cried, and for the first time since I was on the ship I became terrified and screamed, *"Ema! Ema!"* meaning, "My mother!"

I stumbled and bumped my head. I could not find the steps that I had come down. I had forgotten whether it was down or up that I had come. So I saw another opening, and I made for it, and while I was going down it became so dark that I cried all the more and louder, calling all the time: "My mother! Please come to me! Please come to me!"

You cannot imagine the horror in my little breast. The boys! Yes, the boys! Where were they? Why didn't Akrim come? Why didn't any of them come?

I made my way back, up out of this second hold, and while I was crawling around, looking for a way out, because this movement of the ship made me fall off my feet and go down onto my hands and knees, I looked up and saw a door open, and the light flashed on me; there was an iron stairway, and I made my way up. There was a man at the top of this iron stairway, and the look on his face was ghastly; he was whiter than the white men were! He was excited, and when he saw me he turned his head away and called out to some one; but what he said I do not know. I was afraid, and if it had not been for getting back to Akrim and the others I should have remained below before I should have taken the chance of passing that terribly white man, for who knew what this man would do to me! Every warning of my mother came back to my mind. Oh, it was terrible! But I had to find the boys, and that was all there was to it. When I got to the top of the iron steps I jumped out onto the deck; that man did not touch me.

But the boys! The boys! Where were they? Where could they be? I shouted and screamed for each one. Then I looked out over the water, and I did not see any canoes or men, nor did I hear any voices, such as I had heard when I had left the deck to go below. Oh, what was wrong? I could not see the land as I had seen it before! Then I was seized with terror and I gave one yell and rushed to the side of the ship, and I should have been at the bottom, but some one held me.

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When I had called to Akrim to follow me down to the stoke-hold, Akrim was talking to Kef-tala; that was the last I saw of him. The captain's story much later was that he saw the little fellows playing about the deck; and, as he and the crew never bothered natives who came aboard the steamer, no one noticed us particularly. In all wild tropical ports natives come out to meet the steamers and climb aboard. Of course the sailors are used to that kind of thing, but we boys had never seen a ship before. But no one knew this.

The captain said that the usual signal was given for every one to go ashore that belonged ashore. Other natives knew that signal. It was the siren of the ship, which gave three long blasts; and then a little flag was hoisted to the top of one of the masts. This little flag is called the Blue Peter, and when it goes up the siren blows three times, long and loud. This signal tells that the ship is about to pull anchor and leave. The boys knew nothing about all this, so when they heard the sudden blast of the siren it frightened them and they rushed to the side of the steamer and jumped into the water, into the dangerous Gulf of Guinea, which is infested with sharks. No man would have jumped into the Gulf of Guinea; no, not even a boy who lived on the coast, because it is as much a part of native education on the coast to avoid sea dangers as it is a part of our education in the bush to avoid wild beasts.

The captain said that when the boys jumped, every one on the deck was inclined to laugh, but that the laugh soon turned into horror. How could the sailors laugh when they looked at thirteen little boys struggling in a shark-infested sea? The captain and the crew threw out lines, trying to save the boys, but their efforts were in vain; because the little chaps had got such a fright that no end of calling could attract any of them.

They frantically tried to get into a canoe, but not one succeeded. Ojo-yola, the youngest, was just throwing his leg over the side of a canoe when a shark bit down on the other leg that dangled in the water.

My companions, yes, my companions! The boys that I had feasted with! The boys that I had got hungry with! They all were gone! We had been in dangers together! We had risked lions, leopards, elephants, and reptiles, and we had escaped; and now my companions were lost in the sea.

When the white man held me I was more afraid than ever; so I kicked and scratched and bit, but he did not let me go; he put me into a cabin and locked the door and left me. I screamed and beat the door with my head and hands, but to no avail. That man was the captain. He said later that he had intended to put me off at the next stop of the steamer, but that he changed his mind. He thought, if he should put me off at the next stop, that I would be in a strange country, among hostile natives, and perhaps would never get back to my own home. So he decided to take me with him, and to bring me back on his next trip, and put me off at what he thought was my own country. That strange country was the Gold Coast of Africa, the home of the Fantees, a people hostile to my people.

If the captain had put me off at the Gold Coast, what would have been the sequel? Would I have been better off at the mercy of the Fantee people than at the mercy of the cold, aggressive white man's civilization? Again I say, problematical.

I was broken-hearted in that cabin. It was dark, but that did not annoy me.

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I was lonesome without my playmates. Oh, why didn't they answer me? Where were they? And each time that I thought of them I shrieked, and I kicked and beat on the door.

Now and then some one came to that door, opened it a little, said something, and closed it with a bang. I suppose that they opened it to tell me, "Shut up," but closed it again because they feared me, for I flew at the door every time they opened it. I cried and screamed until I felt faint, and then I lay down on the mat and lulled myself to sleep, saying all kinds of incoherent baby things. How could you expect me to know, little animal as I was, what this was all about? They brought food; they did not stop to think whether or not I had eaten their food before. They opened the door and pushed in something on a plate, and left it on the mat; closed the door again with a bang, and left me to myself.

I tired myself trying to get out; and when they came with food I crowded into the farthest corner and covered my head with my arm, frightened. I was afraid to go near the plate for the longest while; and when I did pluck up courage enough to uncurl myself and approach the plate, to examine it, that door opened slightly and some one peeped in, and I jumped back into the corner and curled myself up into a tighter knot. Oh, if I had only known, I should not have suffered so! But I finally got to the plate filled with food; what it was I do not know, but it smelled good, so I ate it all and enjoyed it; in fact, I longed for more.

Then I forgot to cry! All of a sudden I forgot the boys, and home, and my fright wore off a little! Why? Because my body had been fed. And I began to hum a tune. I became used to the door opening every now and then, so I learned not to run from it.

The captain of that ship was called "Captain Caley," and he, good man, died during the last war. The name of the ship, as far as I know, was the *Batanga,* a tramp steamer belonging to the African Steamship Navigation Company. Some of the crew knew a few words of the coast languages, but they did not know mine. So they just had to make signs to me; and in their effort to make me understand they frightened me, because they made such hideous faces.

I became used to all this, and saw humor in the way they acted. So every time they spoke or tried to make me understand something I roared with glee, for I thought that they did these funny things to amuse me.

So I was apparently happy, but my happiness was not for long, because these horrible men tried to put clothes on me! It got colder every day. The ship was getting into European waters, and the men saw me shivering. Of course I was afraid; I did not know that what they were doing was for my own comfort; how should I know? They threw into the cabin an old shirt and a pair of trousers; not stopping to think that I knew nothing about such things. What was I going to do with them—put the trousers on my head, and the shirt on my feet? However, that would have been just like me; in my raw state, it was natural for me to do everything contrary to the way it should be done. So I did not put the clothes on.

After a while some men came into the cabin and held me, while another man tried to dress me. I screamed, bit, scratched, and kicked; I bit one of the men on the arm; he yelped and gave me a cuffing; and when the sailors saw that

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it was useless they gave it up as a bad job and let me alone. So I did not wear the clothes just then.

But it was so cold! Can you imagine the change it was, coming out from a temperature of 135 degrees in the African bush and being naked in a temperature that, I am sure, must have been quite low? I was too young and too ignorant to know what I was really suffering.

The ship sighted land, and things were all agog on the deck. That cabin door was not locked then, so I came out onto the deck at will; but it was so uncomfortably cold that I did not stay long on the deck at a time. But I was curious to know what was going on. The last time that I had seen the deck so busy was on that fatal day when I had left my companions to peep into that awful door, and had gone down those steps to the bottom. Men ran about here and there, on the deck, shouting back and forth to each other. Ropes and other tackle lay about the deck, and it all was so confusing, so odd, that I wondered. It appeared as if the ship had suddenly got hemmed in by everything, because around us was land, with many ships and buildings and everything. So different was it from anything that I had seen.

Then a man came to me and tried to talk with me. He put his arm around me; a savage instinct told me that all was not right, and that something was going to happen. The warmth of his clothes felt comfortable, so I let him cuddle me. If I could have made him understand, I surely would have told him that I was cold; as a matter of fact, I continually said that I was cold, but he could not understand what I said.

While he held me the siren blasted its signal, and it seemed as if all the whistles in the world broke loose. The sound of the siren now struck terror through me, and the man that held me could see that I was frightened. I was too terror-stricken to cry out, but I broke away from that man and ran quickly into the cabin. That man followed me to the outside, and he locked the door.

How long I remained there, huddled in the corner, I cannot say; it seemed a long time. But the door eventually opened, and a man looked in; he may have been calling me; I don't know; but I crawled over to where he stood, and, remembering the warmth of the clothes of that other man, I cuddled close to the tail of his great coat. He was certainly kind, for he patted me on the head. Some one called him, and he left me hastily, and I began to cry. He did not close the door of the cabin, so I tried to follow him. I ran out onto the deck, and I kept running—for whom or for what I don't know, but I ran on.

My, but it was cold! It was the fourth day of March, in the year 1896, and the ship was tied up to the docks in Glasgow, Scotland! No one noticed me, half running and half walking, along the dock, naked. No one spoke to me, at least so I thought, until I was out in the streets. There were wagons, trucks, bicycles, and everything, rushing back and forth. I was dumbfounded, but the cold cobblestones on my bare feet made me lift my feet up all the faster and kept me on the run.

At last I had to stop because a crowd collected around me, and they all laughed at me, but I was too cold to mind them. I cried, but no one cared. All the white people in the world were there, and many things were said, but I never knew what and I never shall; not one of all this crowd would come near me. They stood back and laughed.

If a policeman had seen me, I should

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surely have been picked up and delivered back to the ship that had brought me. If that had been the case, I should have then at once returned to my own native land; and I should have been a man of distinction amongst my people. My moral standard would have been 99 per cent higher than it is now, and I could have rightly called myself: "Prince Bata Kindai Amgoza Ibn Lo-Bagola."

But it so happened that, instead of a policeman's picking me up, some one else did; and, according to what that gentleman said before he died, that good man merely did it out of pity. He said that he saw me in that rude crowd, and that he knew that I was cold, and he saw that none of those rough uncouth people showed any pity at all on a poor wee, naked black creature. He said that he had intended only to pick me up, take me out of the crowd, and put me down around the corner safely. But he added that he changed his mind, and instead of putting me down around the corner he decided to take me away home to his own house, and to take care of me, a savage black boy from the African Bush.

[LoBagola will tell of his four years' attempt to understand white civilization and his return to the jungle, with much of tribal organization and customs, in the next numbers.]

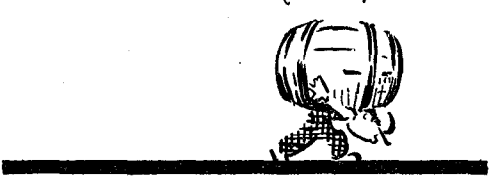
Educational Fables

BY EDWARD C. DURFEE

III

A Fabulist once determined to write his Autobiography. He found the task easy, and the book was a Sensation, most Critics calling it the best Autobiography of the Decade.

Moral: *Practice makes Perfect.*



Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, wrote to General Whipple, of New Hampshire, his old Revolutionary Colleague in the Continental Congress: "Dear General, I am sending you for Christmas, by the Sloop *Betsy Ann,* the usual Barrel of Chewing Tobacco."

Moral 1: *The Revolutionary Fathers were only Superhuman after all.*

Moral 2: *The Senatorial Spittoon is of Honorable Lineage.*

Moral 3: *Anything that Detracts from the Dignity of History is a Precious Possession of the Race.*

A Naval Officer who believed in a Small Navy was chatting in his Club with an Army Officer opposed to Pre-

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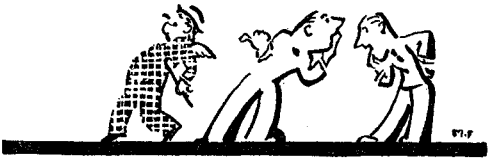
paredness. Shortly they were joined by a Physician who sympathized with Christian Science, a Lawyer who thought the Calendar was too crowded, and a Clergyman who advocated Sunday-morning Golf. When a Teacher who strolled up said that he hoped that some day the Faculties would be consulted in the management of School Affairs, they muttered "Bolshevik," and lodged a complaint with the Chairman of the House Committee, who was a Manufacturer opposed to a Protective Tariff.

Moral: *Correct for yourself the errors the Proof-reader has overlooked in this Fable.*

A Political Candidate spoke over a Radio Hookup which included all possible Combinations of the Alphabet and which reached Twenty Million Citizens. A Million, however, cut him off as soon as they could reach the Switch, and Eighteen Million more deserted him for the Jazz Orchestras. The Solitary Million that remained Faithful were of his own Party, and believed every Word he said.

Moral 1: *The Radio has not changed Human Nature.*

Moral 2: *A Million is a Good Many.*



There was once a man who believed in Talking Frankly, who thought that People ought to Know Things, and who spoke only for his Friends' Good. If he had waited till he was angry, it would not have been so bad, but he didn't. He talked Kindly, but Firmly, and being deficient in Imagination, never knew how near to Sudden Death he often was. When God Called him, the World shed many Tears, but they were Tears of Pure Joy. They cremated him, so as to make perfectly Sure he would not rise from the Grave, and the Epitaph they put on the Safe-Deposit Box that held his Ashes was one long Sigh of Relief.

Moral: *If Everybody knew what his Best Friends said of him behind his Back, the Whole World would die of Mortification in about Half an Hour.*

A country in the Crisis of a War came to realize that its greatest danger lay in Overeating. It therefore amended its Constitution, and gave Congress power to pass appropriate legislation. (Appropriate legislation means Legislation with an Appropriation.) Enforcement officials began to arrest people found sleeping in the street after Dinner, and it was even dangerous to indulge in Forty Winks in the privacy of one's home.

But the Law was violated. Wheat trucks from Saskatchewan got past the bribed customs officials, and the Beef Runners of the Argentine infested the Coast. Delicatessens that sold more than 4¾ Calories to any one Person were Padlocked, but the Bootleggers of Hot Dogs continued to flourish. The Free Lunch of the Saloons had of course been abolished, but the Surreptitious Sandwich too often lurked in the hip-pocket of the Patron who drank his Beer. Collapsible Pretzels became the

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vogue, and Caviar sandwiches got up to look like pocket Prayer-Books were smuggled in from Moscow. The Gorging Parties in Country Clubs grew notorious, and many worthy people were greatly Exercised in Mind.

But after all the Law did good. Workmen were on time on Monday mornings at the factories, instead of Sleeping Off their former Sunday-Dinner Debauch, the Movies were crowded with Happy Families, including Father no longer curled up sluggishly on the Parlor Sofa, and a clear-eyed, Paunchless Race began to cut in on the World's Markets.

The only people who really suffered were of two classes—the Thin People who hated to see others Fat, and the Stupid Ones who thought that, just because a Law was violated, it ought to be Repealed.

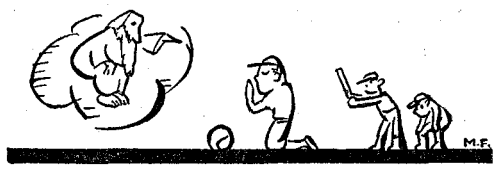
Moral: *There is none. It was not a Moral Question.*

There was a Country in which Golf and Tennis Professionals got four dollars an hour up, and in which the Rewards of Bridge Instructors were Princely. In the same country Primary-School Teachers averaged a few hundred dollars a year.

Moral: *People pay for what they want.*

When Washington, in almost the last year of his life, was appointed Commander-in-Chief for the second time—by President John Adams when war threatened with France—he wrote to a Friend: "It is Important that a Commander have the best Map of his own Country. Unfortunately the only good Map of the United States is one printed in England. I mean to get one, but as it is expensive, costing several Dollars, I think that Congress ought to appropriate the money for the Purchase. If Congress, however, will not do so, I shall buy it myself."

Moral: *New Times, New Customs.*



A famous Preacher was delivering a Sermon at a Boys' Prep. School. His first Reference to Athletics (Some day a famous preacher is going to deliver a Sermon at a Boys' Prep. School without any reference to Athletics, but that hasn't happened yet) took the form of a Story. He told of a Visit to the Private Trophy-Room of Alonzo Deer, the Great Coach, and of its Walls adorned with Mementoes of the Undergraduate Prowess of that Matchless Athlete. From the Multitudinous Array the Owner singled out for Comment a baseball, modestly inscribed Y. 5, X. 1. "That," he said, "is the one I'm proudest of. X. had a great Team that year, and we—we didn't have a Thing. But I Knew, when I went into the Box, that *We Had to Win that Game,* and I Prayed, every Ball I pitched."

Interrogative Morals:

1. What would have happened if every X. Batter had dropped on his Knees and offered a Brief Petition while Mr. D. was Winding Up?

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2. Could a Just Deity have done anything but foul every Ball into the Grand Stand?

3. Would that have been Fair to the Treasury of Y.'s Athletic Association?

4. How, under the Circumstances, could the Game have ever come to an End?

5. Did Mr. D.'s Prayers also include the Fielding Skill of his Teammates?

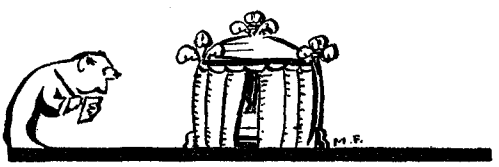
6. If his Short-stop had been Godless, what would the Lord have caused him to do to a Grounder?

7. Did Mr. D.'s Petitions increase the Prehensile Qualities of the Fingers of his Centre-Fielder?

8. Does all this apply to Amateur Baseball only, or could the Praying Professional look for similar Divine Assistance?

9. Would not the Professional's Prayers tend to become confused with 'Give us this Day our Daily Bread'?

10. Should a Gentleman care enough about the Outcome of a Game in which he is playing to Pray over it?



There was once a Great Revival of Interest in Biography. Memoirs rivalled Detectives in Popularity, and the Publishers wore the Skin off their hands rubbing them in Glee. They got Five a Vol. for the books, and they rejoiced that Good Literature flourished.

But the Candid Observer would have to admit one thing: there was a certain Family Likeness in the Subjects of the Biographies. Lord Byron, Brigham Young, and Henry Ward Beecher (to pick at random) differed in Spots, but they were alike in that they all had something more than an Eye for the Comely Sisters who worshipped at their Shrines. The first Railed at the Whole Sex, the second Considered Suicide when Jo Smith told him he would have to commit Polygamy, the third had Searchings of Heart over Philandering Promptings. But they all Got over their Difficulties, and an Eager Public absorbed the Details—as we said, at Five a Vol.

Moral: *See the next Fable.*

Two Cavemen met on the Banks of the Brook that separated the Lands of their Respective Tribes. By Immemorial Custom they should have Fought, but they got so Interested in talking of how a Neighbor of one of them had Usurped the Bed of his Chief during that Dignitary's temporary Absence that they forgot to Do So.

Moral: *Civilization had Dawned, and Biography had Begun.*

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Ginsberg and the Eighteenth-Century Manner

BY LAURENCE STALLINGS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GENE MCNERNEY

GEORGE RUMSLEY had been careless of his waist-line, but he contrived to be the same old handsome George of football days. It was thoughtful of him to be looking Ginsberg up. After five years in the Eastern publicity offices, Ginsberg was having his chance as a scenario-writer. Few stars ever trouble themselves to be kind to a writer, even to an old college friend.

"Remember," said old George, standing in the doorway of the author's kennel at Fairmount Studios, "when you were faking me through economics how the prof asked me who was the chief executive of the United States?"

Ginsberg was sorry old George had brought that up. It was wise to be on the good side of old George. A writer cannot be too careful around the stars. "You whispered *Brigham Young,*" George said, "and like a damn fool I said so. God, how the bunch all laughed."

Ginsberg hoped that George had forgiven him. "What of it?" said Rumsley. "I didn't mind at the time. But you fellows were paying my way through college to play football. It was up to me to take some class work."

George straightened his striped tie in the mirror Ginsberg had placed on the wall to make the kennel look comfy. "By the way," he said, "who was chief executive of the United States?"

"What of it?" said Ginsberg, who did not wish to seem a highbrow. Most stars dislike writers for being highbrow. Ginsberg could see that old George liked him for his answer.

"Come have dinner with us to-night," said George.

Ginsberg wanted to have dinner with George. It was lonely for a new writer in Hollywood. Ginsberg had seen pictures of the palace George had built by the sea. But the movie-writer was timid. The dinner-suit he had bought for the opening of the Roxy Theatre had worn shiny. "I'd be out of place in your palace," Ginsberg said.

"Oh," said George, "I gave that to the second wife. She caught me in *corpus frumenti* and I got out. I'm living up in Laurel Canyon in a shack. You got a car and a driver, ain't you?"

Ginsberg admitted that he had a reconditioned Rolls-Royce and a Jap driver in the manner of all movie-writers. "Well," said George, "he'll know the way to my shack. Just tell him it's the Hamlin murder bungalow on the left of that shack where Ida Crossby went loco and shot that Finnish actor. He can't miss it. You just drop around between seven or eight or nine."

Ginsberg was happy to come. "When you come, just put your fist in your book," said George, "and bring it to me?"

"Which book?" asked Ginsberg, his dark sad face swelling in pride.

"You wrote a book, didn't you?"

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Laurence Stallings.

From a drawing by Gene McNerney.

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George seemed surprised. "I heard somewhere you wrote a book. You always were an egg with a nose in a book. I remember in college you said you'd read every book Robert W. Chambers ever wrote."

Ginsberg admitted to a book after that, thinking he would bring George a copy of his historical novel on Martha Washington. He always carried a copy or two in his trunk. It was a good book, but the publishers gave it a bad break.

"Well," said George again, "put your fist in it. You see, it's this way. Some of the boys out here write a book, and I get them to put their fist in it and I save 'em. It's the only sort of books I save. I got fourteen that way. It's a good gag, ain't it?"

Of course it was. Ginsberg added that a lot of writers did that themselves. "Well," said George, "if it's an old gag with writers, I'll stop. I never do old gags, not even in my pictures, like a lot of fellows around, eh?"

Ginsberg's driver found the place after an hour's wandering. The Jap went to several murder shacks by mistake, and was grumbling over the inaccuracy of the directions. Ginsberg was paying him seventy-five a week and told him he had no squawk coming because he had to swing a heavy town car around a canyon road an hour or so. The right shack was a little bungalow on stilts, screened from the road by vines. Ginsberg thought it just the sort of place a fellow ought to have. A place to get away from everybody once in a while and just go to with another fellow and a couple of girls.

Rumsley met him at the door. "You found it, eh?" he said happily. "Come on in." George was in a waistcoat and silken dressing-gown, with an immaculate dinner-shirt peeping through. Ginsberg was glad he had donned the soup-and-fish. The room was perfect. A long narrow hall with a pebble-rock fireplace was strewn with Navajo rugs in bright colors, rustic furniture scattered about in a masculine, comfortable manner. There was a player-piano at one end of the room by a tiger-skin rug. On the skin lounged a lady not unlike a tiger herself.

"This is Nadja," said George, and Ginsberg bowed to a woman who had loosened a great mop of yellow hair that fell down as far as her pajama top. "The Baroness Konjan," George explained, "and a real honest-to-God baroness at that." She bowed languidly, making a pretty picture as she lay on the tiger-skin, and went on smoking a long black cigar. She had further enhanced the air about her by burning incense pellets in a saucer at her elbow. "How dee doo," she said.

"The little pal," said George. "I met her two weeks ago and I'm just nuts. Eh, baby?" He moved her affectionately with his foot, as if to prove her reality to Ginsberg. "Come out here with a dance specialty, and some dirty agent let her down." Old George saw the copy of "When Romance Was King" under Ginsberg's arm. "The book, eh?" He took it happily and read the inscription. Ginsberg had just written *To the greatest actor of them all,* and signed his name. George placed it on the mantel with his others, between book-ends fashioned in the likeness of the Statue of Liberty.

"We'll have to drink on that fist," he said. "I got a case of real rye. A gauger slips in from a warehouse a hot-water bottle at a time. I guess he's chief executive."

George went to a door and shouted "Oh! Toy!" and a China boy thrust his

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head through the opening. He had the strange impassive face of an oriental. "Bring us a complete set-up," said George. "And that latest case of rye the gauger sent us. And fix dinner for three. We'll eat when you're ready."

The baroness engaged Ginsberg in conversation. "You haff been Budapest, yass?" she asked. Ginsberg had not, but he had met Molnar while publicity representative for Mr. Breefheimer at Fairmount. "You like de drama?" asked the baroness. Ginsberg and the baroness talked intelligently of "Liliom" and the "Guardsman," leaving old George out of it. "Id iss naice," she said, flicking ashes into the incense-saucer and wiping her nose on a Paisley shawl that hung from the piano, "to meet somebuddy hier who know someding." She was slurring old George.

"That's a good Paisley shawl," Ginsberg said loyally; "I know that."

Old George didn't get the irony. "You like it?" he said, delighted. "Hell, I'll give it to you."

The China boy came with a Sheffield tray, and decanters and bottles in crystal. The baroness drank with them, making a wry face at the best rye in California. After three rounds old George lay on the rug and placed his head in her lap. He was always a perfectly natural fellow. She stroked his locks with a hand stained amber. "Ain't she sweet?" said George. "I'm just nuts." The baroness looked at Ginsberg out of blackish-yellow eyes as if she might betray old George.

"Wonderfully so," said Ginsberg, turning the conversation by reaching for the decanter. "Great rye you got."

"Go on," George entreated from the lap of the baroness, "get as drunk as you like. I'm going to." He smiled his marvellous little-boy smile at her. "You going to get drunk with us, baby?"

Ginsberg's ears were soon buzzing, dinner was so long coming. The baroness was playing hands with him, unknown to old George. Ginsberg was ashamed of impulses beyond his control. He wished to leave. "What'll I do about my car?" he said, attempting to rise from the rug and leave the baroness forever.

"Toy'll take him out a bottle of gin," said George. "He's got standing instructions to treat all drivers to a fresh quart." He pulled Ginsberg down, against the other side of the warm baroness.

Toy came presently with a telephone instrument, its connections dangling. "Fler you," he said to George.

Ginsberg was harrowed by the spectre of old George being called suddenly away. A sickness or a death. Ginsberg shuddered. Good old George. Well, Ginsberg would leave with him; leave the warm side of Nadja, Baroness Konjan; leave her blackish-yellow pools of hot-water-bottle eyes and the best rye in California.

"Who wants me?" George was asking Toy, grinning.

The China boy was calm, with the impassive calmness of orientals. He was a fit servitor for the Hamlin murder bungalow. His eyes had remained slanting half opened, doubtless, when Ida Crossby went loco last year, and the shot rang out across the way that finished the Finnish actor.

"I no tlell," said the Chinese.

"Hell, he will never learn to use the telephone," George explained apologetically. "Eight years I've had him, and the bastard can't understand the telephone. But he's the best cook in Hollywood."

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Toy gave the instrument to old George, and stepped over the baroness. He inserted the outlet plug at the base of the piano into the green cord's connection.

"Hello!" said Rumsley. Against Ginsberg's side the baroness stiffened her muscles. George was listening. "An add . . .?" He seemed puzzled as the other voice talked a long while. "A thousand? Why, that's a shake-down and I won't stand for it." The baroness twitched and stiffened again. Toy's face was apathetic as he leaned above her. Ginsberg looked from one to the other. The other voice persisted, high-pitched and metallic. Listening as hard as Ginsberg could he caught the word "baroness" several times.

George was sweating. He began talking. "To-morrow night, eh?" . . . George was stiffening. "At the Chaldean opening, eh? . . . Hell, that's blackmail. No. Five hundred's all I'll stand. I'll stand five hundred." George was signalling to Toy. The China boy pulled the green connection out, calmly stepped over the baroness, and disappeared noiselessly through the door.

George said nothing. He had a long drink straight, coaxing the baroness to share it. Ginsberg drank with them. The baroness flung her cigar under the piano and fell back. In her lithe, tawny way she seemed to stretch once and fall instantly asleep. "She can't stand much," said George, unstopping a fresh decanter. He covered her with the Paisley shawl. He moved over to the fireplace and lit the gas-logs. Ginsberg followed him.

"I don't know yet whether she's on the level or not," George whispered. They were silent for two minutes. The baroness seemed asleep, her large red mouth open and her sharp red tongue lolling. George began whispering:

"Ever hear of a little scandal sheet out here called *Above the Board in Hollywood*"?

Ginsberg had.

"Well," said George, "it ought to be called *Below the Belt* because it's so dirty. A gang of crooks down-town finance it, and there's a writer named Hank O'Dough writes a column of chatter. They shake down the whole town with stuff about who ain't married to who, and the fan magazines pick it up and spread it all over the country. Now this Hank bird hears I've got a real live baroness up here, and wants a thousand to say that I'm living like a hermit while getting ready for my next starring vehicle." George looked long at the baroness. She stirred. "Let's seem natural," he said, reaching for the decanter. The baroness was sleeping again.

Ginsberg drank with great relief. Good old George. "There's only one way to treat a blackmailer," said Ginsberg, "and that's in the eighteenth-century manner."

"How's that?" asked George. "Beat him up?" He shrugged. "The newspapers would go crazy. Me and the baroness would be in the limelight. I can't stand another run-in with the Women's Federation of Clubs. I'll pay five hundred."

Ginsberg was a man of the world again. He and old George sitting in waistcoats by a gas-fire, a baroness sleeping near by on a tiger rug, was a picture. "Have him beaten up," said Ginsberg. "Your eighteenth-century gallant couldn't afford to be in the papers any more than we can. He had his infamous detractors beaten up outside Drury Lane

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Theatre while the *haut monde* looked on. It cured many a fellow of an itching palm."

"Damned effective," said George. "But pretty yellow."

"Not at all. The other man confesses to be a snake not worth our notice." Ginsberg was authoritative. "And in those days a great many gentlemen, as in Hollywood to-day, couldn't afford to take chances with publicity. They usually sat atop their hackney-chaises and directed the varlets who did the flogging. Even Voltaire insulted a ducal house and got a thumping that way. It was the eighteenth-century manner."

"So I'm to hire a horse and buggy," said George, "and have Hank horsewhipped outside Greenbaum's Chaldean Theatre to-morrow night at Moira O'Roon's screen première. I stand on the seat, of course, and watch a couple of jockeys put the stripes on Hank like a rasher of bacon. And I don't suppose that would get in the papers."

"You could get a prize-fighter," said Ginsberg, "to follow you into the theatre. When the blackmailer steps up to get the five hundred for his advertisement the pug can step on his toe and then give him plenty."

"That's no revenge," said George. "Hank must know it's coming from me."

"Naturally," said Ginsberg, thinking hard, with the air of one who had risen from press-agent to movie-writer in five years not for nothing. "The prize-fighter can be a bantam-weight made up pale and sickly." Ginsberg was inspired. "He can even seem effeminate when Hank protests about the old corns."

Old George laughed so loudly that the baroness sat up. "I see. And I know a swell bantam-weight for Hank." He paused as Toy came in with the soup. "Let's take one more big one before we scoff the chow," he said, giving Ginsberg the office to drop the matter.

They sat on the tiger-skin for supper. "Ain't she sweet," George said, kissing her. The baroness leaned over to Ginsberg. She was tawny and irresistible. Ginsberg kissed her. The three had a loving-cup from the decanter. "He ain't going home to-night," George explained to the baroness. "We're going to have a party. I'll tell Toy to send his car away."

Ginsberg held a mute protest in an outstretched hand. "He's going to write my next picture," George explained, waving him down. Ginsberg was happy after that. They drank between courses.

"We'll stay right here," said George, "until time to go to the Chaldean tomorrow night."

"But where," said Ginsberg, his voice sounding gay and insouciant, "is a girl for me to take to the first night? How'll I get a girl if I stay here?"

"I'll get you one," said George.

"A baroness? A beau'fool baroness?" Ginsberg was gallant.

"Nope," said George. "I'll get you more'n that. By God, I'll get you a real countess. Come on, let's drink to a real live countess."

Ginsberg had a hard time shaking off the real rye, and slept until three o'clock in the afternoon. Old George came into the room as fresh and as rosy as ever. Ginsberg was alarmed. He wished to hurry to the studio.

"It's all right," George assured him. "I called the studio and told 'em we were working on my next story. . . . Here, take this." He offered a long white drink which he called a well-digger. "It's half gin and half cream," he

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Flashes from "Ginsberg and the Eighteenth-Century Manner."

As seen by Gene McNerney.

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explained. "It fixes your stomach. Soothes it."

Ginsberg drank it easily, his stomach accepting it gratefully.

"After it's sitting pretty," said George, "we'll go out in the patio and start on the rye again. Toy's making juleps. He makes 'em a little too strong as a rule, but they certainly touch the old spot."

"What about the blackmailer?" asked Ginsberg.

"I guess I'll have Hank beaten up," George said simply. "A big risk, but a great idea." He turned from the subject. "Toy's pressed your clothes, and the countess is on the way up here." He refused to discuss details of the eighteenth-century manner. "Look out for the baroness," he said.

"Hank will be dusted off some time during the performance. It'll be determined by other events. But I think the baroness is a rat. So forget it."

The countess was a pretty little thing with a stunning, combative air. But Ginsberg considered her a wet smack when it came to the juleps. "Just a little cocoa," she said. Try as Ginsberg might to induce her to become convivial, she refrained from strong drink. She was a good fellow; he gave her credit. She put her arm around Ginsberg from the start. It was a good arm, too.

They all dived into the swimming-pool, and Ginsberg playfully pushed some water in her face. The countess sprang upward like a seal and ducked him, holding him under until old George's red-striped pajamas dyed Ginsberg with their coloring. The countess was as strong as a chimpanzee. One could see her back muscles beneath the purple pajamas old George had given her, wet and full though they were upon her shoulders.

"I've ruined my hair," she said.

Old George let go his baroness and pulled the countess by the hair.

"We ought to let her give that to Hank," Ginsberg said, as the countess poked George in the eye with a straight left. George glared, and changed the subject. "I can drink whiskey under water," he boasted. "Toy, bring me that cocktail-shaker."

They drove to the Chaldean Theatre in style, old George taking the baroness in the front seat and Ginsberg sitting in the rumble with the countess. Ginsberg wore one of George's silk hats.

"I've got six," George said, without a trace of boasting.

Ginsberg was happy to have the hat. It set them off as they drove down the boulevard to the Chaldean in George's Mercedes roadster, the top folded back completely, Toy following in the little Lincoln with George's driver. George had a flask and they hit the rye at dark corners.

There was a lane of people stretching a half-mile down the boulevard from the theatre. Greenbaum had erected reviewing-stands all along the way to the Chaldean, closing the boulevard to traffic.

"There's George Rumsley," many girls screamed, and good old George doffed his silk topper in that famous debonair manner of his, the baroness clinging proudly to his arm.

The countess herself looked magnificent. She was in dark green spangles with golden braids over her slim little body. Ginsberg had a thrill out of having his arm around that taut little torso all the way to the theatre. He squeezed her hand and she returned the pressure until she almost crushed the bones in Ginsberg's palm.

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At a traffic halt old George leaned backward and whispered to the countess. "He's loaded with dough," he said. Even if Ginsberg was a new movie-writer on a bare five hundred a week, he could not contradict George. The countess was in love with Ginsberg anyway.

They halted before the theatre in a blaze of mercury lights and sun-arcs. Ginsberg wondered which of the faces staring at them was Hank O'Dough's, which was the prize-fighter's. The loud speaker announced Mr. George Rumsley, famous Fairmount star, and party. As they stood to be photographed by the news cameras, some one thrust a microphone before Mr. Rumsley's face.

"I want to say hello to my old mother in Santa Barbara," good old George said as quick as a flash. "The best pal a man ever had." The crowd along the boulevard roared its approval of George's simple sentiment. He was natural.

A handsome woman, rouged heavily beneath the velvet band she wore around her forehead, fought her way to Rumsley as they elbowed their way toward the lobby.

"See him," said George easily, waving toward Ginsberg. "He's got it."

The woman tried to reach Ginsberg, but was swirled into another eddy of silk hats and satin bodices. She caught Ginsberg's arm, but was swept aside.

The countess, clinging tight, was curious. "Who was that?"

Ginsberg did not know.

"Don't let him fool you," George grinned at the countess. "That's the gal he's been nuts about. She's sore because he's with you."

The countess was stern. Ginsberg swore truthfully that he did not care for the woman.

"Then," said the countess, "tell her to keep away."

They found seats, George placing the baroness on his left and Ginsberg on his right. They all nestled, and pairs held hands. The baroness was cool to George, who persisted in paying attention to the countess, leaning across Ginsberg to tease her.

"Who was the woman?" Ginsberg whispered.

"Some newspaper idiot," said George. "Wants an interview about the trend of the talkies. But I'm stringing the countess for you. She'll be nuts about you pretty soon."

The countess leaned over to George. "She won't let him go?" she said, her voice hard.

George smiled and kicked his friend into submission. "She hates to see a good spender get out of her clutches. She can see he's nuts about you, countess." The countess turned red. "That diamond buckle on her head-band." George winked confidentially as Ginsberg blushed for shame. "He paid eight thou' for that."

The picture ran on. It was a good picture, Ginsberg told the countess. "But I could better those titles," he said. The first half of the picture ended. The mobs began their fight to fresh air and more cameras. The woman was waiting for Ginsberg, who was afraid the countess might make a scene. Ginsberg tried to avoid the woman, who stood fast and let the crowd force her victim into her arms. Ginsberg in his own plight forgot Hank O'Dough. The woman held fast to his left arm, the countess to his right. Thus they were elbowed and jostled into the lobby.

"You have something for me?" she said sweetly, the diamond band on her hair sparkling brightly at the countess.

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"What does she want?" asked the countess, body taut and leaning across to glare at the woman.

"Just an interview," Ginsberg smiled. "I'll see her some other time."

The countess was firm. "Do you ever want to see her again?" She was pressing Ginsberg, who could not resist the glamour that old George had given him.

"Never again in my life," he said, with an air of great weariness.

People were jostling furiously, attempting to reach a corner where Mr. Greenbaum was presenting distinguished guests with souvenir Chaldean lanterns.

"Look here," cried the lady with the velvet band, "what are you trying to get away with?"

The little countess edged in as Ginsberg strove for an answer. George was on the other side of the lobby autographing lanterns for distinguished guests. Ginsberg suspected George of carrying a jest too far. "George," he called, unheard in the din.

But the countess was equal to the occasion. "Go away from him forever," she said to the newspaper woman.

"Look here," the woman replied angrily, "you keep out of this!"

The countess pressed Ginsberg to her side and searched him with her clear blue eyes. "Is she anything to you any more, big boy?" she asked. She was a pal.

"Nothing," said Ginsberg wearily. He succumbed to temptation. "That is, not any more."

"Bah," cried the countess, and brushed the woman across the face with a long white glove.

The woman slapped the countess.

The little countess stepped forward and upward with a straight-left lead, and brought a right-cross hard to the woman's jaw. Then she threw three short-jabs to the face as the woman who meant nothing more to Ginsberg went down for a long count. The lobby was in an uproar. News cameras clicked.

Greenbaum began fixing the police, and apologizing to the guests, as good old George hastened to get through the crowds about the fallen woman. He hurried Ginsberg and the countess to Greenbaum's own blue Hispano. "Take her home," he said to his friend. "And beat it before they get your name. This is a terrible thing."

"You come too," said Ginsberg, thinking to the last of his old friend's professional reputation.

Old George smiled his gallant smile. "Oh, no," he said, "I'll have to go back and help Miss Adaor." George slammed the door and went back valiantly into the fierce play of lights upon the crowd in the lobby. As the motor got away, Ginsberg saw him supporting the woman, taking her from the crush of curious and distinguished guests.

The countess had tied her filmy handkerchief around her abraded knuckles. She collapsed upon Ginsberg's breast, her little torso going limp. Ginsberg held her and soothed her as a man does an angry child.

"Ain't you sweet to fight over me," he said, patting her comfortingly. "Why, baby, I'm just nuts." Soon the countess was as purry and as yielding as a kitten. She was chipper and smiling again.

"Let's put the top back and drive out the Santa Barbara road," she said. "And get the fresh air. Aren't you crazy about Hispano-Suizas?" She was a sweet little thing.

"I'm sorry you were so embarrassed," she said an hour later. "But when I

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string for a man, I string a hundred per cent." Ginsberg was happy again, even if he had missed old George's promise to give Hank O'Dough a good one in the eighteenth-century manner. "I'm glad I wasn't drinking to-night," said the sweet thing on his breast. "Why, there's no telling what I'd have done."

Ginsberg returned from Santa Barbara on Monday and read the clips that old George had put on his desk. They were glowing newspaper accounts of Moira O'Roon's première at Greenbaum's Chaldean.

The countess, the newspapers concluded, had "created some little furor three years ago when she boxed the bantam-weight champion three rounds for charity in the Hollywood Music Bowl. The eccentric wife of a French nobleman, she is at present doing special assignments in picture work, after a season with the 101-Wild-West-Shows." Miss Adaor, the woman attacker in the lobby of the Chaldean at the intermission, was a magazine writer on the staff of *Above the Board in Hollywood*. She was renowned for her wit, which she embellished in a column she conducted under the pen-name of *Hank O'Dough*. Mr. George Rumsley, beau ideal of the films, had been the first to rush to the defense of the Countess Theleme. Miss Adaor was escorted to her palatial home by Nadja, Baroness Konjan, in the limousine of Mr. Sig Greenbaum, Jr., at Mr. Rumsley's suggestion.

Ginsberg noted that Mr. Rumsley declined to comment on the motives of the attack, though it was apparent to all in the lobby that Miss Adaor had slapped the countess after they had passed some words in Mr. Rumsley's presence. But the film star, with his traditional modesty, declined to comment upon this, leaving the theatre immediately after the picture was over. The Chinese servant at the Rumsley home in Laurel Canyon, where the famous star lives the life of a hermit while preparing for his next starring vehicle, refused to convey Mr. Rumsley any newspaper inquiries by telephone.

In Tune

By David Hamilton

She put a red hat on her head
And gave her pearls a skilful twist.
"I am in tune with God," she said,
And hung a bangle on her wrist.

"Without a few frivolities
He found His world was incomplete.
So He put song-birds on the trees
And scattered poppies through the wheat."

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Mad Anthony Wayne

BY THOMAS BOYD

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) FROM A PAINTING BY E. A. ABBEY

Here begins the story of one of the most colorful men who ever led American troops, done by the author of "Through the Wheat," one of the first and best of the realistic books about the World War. Mr. Boyd writes Wayne's story after much research and examination of original documents.

THE still youthful chairman of the committee which, a few months past, had pronounced Chester County's boycott of British merchants sat at table with his family. It was a fine, bright morning of early summer, warm enough to disperse the chill from the thick stone walls without the aid of a fire. The young committee chairman, who was also a member of the Colonial Assembly, smiled with complacency, his bold, habitually intent gray eyes occasionally watching the white door through which one of the negro house-servants would presently come with a hearty, steaming breakfast. Early that morning he had parted the curtains drawn darkly round his high bed and had begun to dress with unusual care. He had smoothly shaved his rounded cheeks and well-developed chin, had freshly powdered his brown hair which he wore combed back from temples and forehead, the pigtail tied with a small dark bow behind his neck. Wearing a ruffled shirt, silk stockings, coat and waistcoat of wine-shade hue, he was conscious of giving forth an air of elegance which would mark him distinctively when he arrived in Philadelphia. For he had been called from his country home to the city that was becoming the continental capital. High time too, he thought in a rush of restless energy.

Of the five persons at the breakfast-table that morning he alone was unaffectedly cheerful. His mother sat severely erect, her gaze from beneath the round lace cap preoccupied, disturbed. For nearly six months a chair of peaceful memory had stood unused against the wall. Now, with Anthony going to Philadelphia, there would be another empty one. Her husband, the squire, had died in November of the year before. Seventy-five he had been, but always active about the plantation and in the welfare of Saint David's Church at Radnor until the last few weeks. She looked at Anthony and wondered who, while he was gone, would oversee the work in the Waynesborough fields and tannery and give the household a feeling of protection in these anxious times. Nobody, unless her son hired a man.

If only his mother knew how soon Anthony would come back she would have been less concerned. But she didn't know. Doctor Franklin had called him to Philadelphia to take a place on the Colonial Committee of Safety. That of itself was nothing to fret about. Doctor Franklin was a prudent man. John Dickinson was level-headed too. He was

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a member and so was Robert Morris. But Anthony would never stop at a place on that Safety Committee. Not with General Washington on his way up to Massachusetts to fight the soldiers at Boston. Anthony, his mother knew, was too headlong and full of war to be content with telling others what to do. He'd want to have a scabbard clanking against his own legs. Lately, as when he was a boy at his uncle Gabriel's academy where he turned the students into little ruffians pretending they were fighting Indians, he had taken to drilling the young men of Chester County, telling them and their fathers to hoard their powder too. No, she could have no reasonable hope that Anthony would behave sensibly, not since blood had been shed in Boston. It was probably born in the Waynes to carry swords when there was a chance to use them. Old Anthony, her husband's father, had been a captain for King William at the battle of the Boyne; her husband himself had gone off to fight the French and Indians after Braddock's defeat. She looked at Anthony, heartily eating his morning meal, then glanced about the table. Recollecting the two years Isaac Wayne was stationed with his company of Provincials up at Nazareth in Northampton County, she knew that if Anthony went to war it would be hard for Polly and the children.

Polly's slender figure leaned toward her three-year-old son Isaac, erratically waving a silver spoon above his breakfast-bowl. She was unhappy, but tried to hide any betrayal of that feeling, for Anthony of late had taken to rereading his dog-eared Cæsar's "Commentaries" which he had studied in the academy at Philadelphia, had bought a copy of the campaigns of Marshal Saxe, and meanwhile had begun lecturing her on the Spartan duties of a wife and mother whose country was being invaded by a set of British caitiffs. The times demanded sacrifices, he had said; honor and liberty, he made her feel, were more important to him than was Waynesborough, or herself, or Margaretta and Isaac, or all those possessions lumped as one. And now he was going down to Philadelphia, and goodness only knew when he would be back. Like his mother, she doubted that he would be satisfied working on the Committee of Safety. But, unlike Mrs. Wayne, she would have few people to turn to when he was gone. For Anthony's mother had been born and had lived all of her sixty-five years in Chester County, the Iddings, her own family, were still there, she had her friends and her daughters; but Polly had come to Waynesborough shorn of everything but her twenty-two-year-old husband. Up to the time she stood beside him at the altar of Philadelphia Christ Church she had lived with her mother and brother in the provincial capital, her father, Bartholomew Penrose, having died while she was still in childhood. Then she had gone quickly from adolescence to be a bride at seventeen and a mother at twenty. Now Margaretta was six and little Isaac three. With two children to bring up and a large house to help look after, Polly had seen little of Philadelphia or of outside gaiety since the day Anthony had brought her to Waynesborough in an enclosed but springless carriage.

Anthony, she could think, looking back from the maturity of her twenty-six years, had an impetuous and venturesome way that made her uneasy to contemplate in connection with his journey to Philadelphia. Instead of studying at the academy until he had been graduated, he had packed up his books at

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eighteen and was off to be a surveyor in the wilds of Westmoreland and Cumberland Counties. And at twenty what did he do but take a boatload of settlers up to Nova Scotia and stay there for more than a year before he returned to Philadelphia. Doctor Franklin had sent him—this same Doctor Franklin who was calling for him now to be a member of that Committee of Safety. And then when at last he had come back, after tramping all over Nova Scotia to find the best land for the company to buy, Doctor Franklin had turned him straight around, sending him off to be the settlers' resident manager, and he would be there still or in some other wild place if she hadn't married him the next time he returned to Philadelphia. And now he was going to be gone again, goodness only knew for how long. Well, she would try to be a good and dutiful wife!

Anthony, with no fault to find in Waynesborough, was none the less glad to be going. The summons to sit on the Colonial Committee of Safety was mildly flattering. It was also useful, for by that means he would gain a footing in the central current of the country's movements instead of remaining in the backwash of Chester County. Not that he had ambitions toward political office. He hadn't. But, like his father and many other of the landowning Whigs, he felt responsibility for the laws and acts of his province and was conscious of its relation to himself. And now the province and the country at large were in need of their men as they never had been before. As the proprietor of the estate of Waynesborough, as a leader of the Chester County Whigs, and as a man desirous of liberty, he would go to Philadelphia and there help put forward the work of defiance toward the British Tories, their infernal taxes, and their still more infernal soldiers, which they had landed at Boston.

Philadelphia, moreover, was an agreeable town. Its society was elegant. And many of the people were his friends, particularly the Whig families among whom his father had taken him during the old gentleman's six years in the Provincial Assembly. Thomas Mifflin and Joe Reed had already gone from Philadelphia as high officers in the Continental service and were with General Washington in front of Boston. Time he too was going; and in his absence the Waynesborough fields and the tannery would continue to support the family in comfort, as they had contrived to do ever since he could remember. At present the land was stocked with twenty-six head of cattle, the largest drove of sheep in Easttown township, and half a dozen horses. The crops were growing, the meadows green; with five servants working for him, there were frequently bundles of hides to be shipped abroad from the tannery. And though that phase of his business had been interrupted by the embargo on English trade and by British ships capturing the cargoes sent to Jamaica, Waynesborough had always been so comfortably productive that the Spanish-milled dollars paid him by Harper and Dicks, the leather merchants, were not essential to a pleasant life on the farm.

But now the eight-day clock in the hallway was striking a warning hour and Wayne's horse was standing saddled near the door. He said good-by to Polly, to his mother, to little Isaac, affectionately counselled Margaretta not to slouch, then began his twenty-mile ride to Philadelphia.

Leaving his house by the white gate that morning, Anthony Wayne rode

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southeastward through a country that had only peaceful memories. On either side of the dusty road the snugly fenced-in fields were planted with wheat and oats and Indian corn; in the meadows slow-ambling cattle stretched their necks down for the green pasturage and small droves of sheep wandered close by the occasional stone houses, nibbling over the grass. And if he thought of the Paoli Tavern, which was two miles from his farm, it was because of the innkeeper's casks of rum and porter; if he thought of Valley Forge, four miles north of Waynesborough, it was to visualize the place as a wide hollow in a rugged hill beside the curving Schuylkill, where Isaac Potts had a grist-mill whose wheels were turned by Valley Creek. If he thought of the Brandywine, it was because that stream ran close to Naaman's Creek, where his pretty and engaging cousin Sally Robinson lived. All of that country north, south, and east of him seemed so solidly and serenely peopled that nothing short of a satanic miracle could give it injury.

It was late when Wayne crossed over the Schuylkill at the Middle Ferry, and later still before the hoofs of his horse clattered tiredly on the High Street pavement where it began at 8th. The town at night seemed almost stealthily quiet, all of its sober dwellers either beneath their own generously sloping roofs or at the taverns, but in the morning it was astir by daybreak, and at six o'clock, when Anthony took his chair in the Committee of Safety meeting, the streets were already lively with unusual movement. For the Second Continental Congress was still in session at the Statehouse, on Chestnut between 5th and 6th, and committees and subcommittees, associations and societies, formed mainly from the same set of men, were being so rapidly multiplied that there was scarcely time for members to attend them all.

Next to Congress the Committee of Safety was perhaps the most important body in Philadelphia. It had been organized to decide the moment when Pennsylvanians should be called into active service, and when Wayne arrived he found John Dickinson, Doctor Franklin, the Biddles, Robert Morris, Samuel Morris, Jr., Thomas Wharton, Jr., Benjamin Bartholomew, John Cadwalader, and fifteen others all ready to discuss the fortification of the Delaware. For they had no intention of being shut up like beleaguered Boston, whose port King George's troops had closed until the tea tax should be paid. If British ships sailed up the river with their guns, they would find American ships with guns waiting to meet them. That answer of defiance to the king was furthered not only by Doctor Franklin, who dared to think of independence from the crown, but also by grave, moderate John Dickinson, who was willing for rebellion but not for revolution. And in an access of fervor the members of the Committee of Safety clamorously voted to rig a number of ships for fighting, to mark positions for forts on the Delaware, and to encourage the manufacture of saltpetre in the province by offering twenty pounds for every hundredweight that should be made. Also the counties of Pennsylvania were called upon to furnish four thousand five hundred good new firelocks with bayonets, and Doctor Franklin, his old eyes gleaming in his wrinkled face, went bustling out to procure the proper model for a pike.

The meetings were ended early each day. But out in the streets Anthony discovered a warlike trend as great as in

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the committee. Down High Street to Front, across 2d, up Chestnut and Walnut, there were the quick rattle of drums and the shrill whirling of fifes as sons of Whigs and sons of liberal-minded Tories marched in military company. There were even Quaker youths parading soldierwise, and Wayne stopped now and again to watch them critically, almost professionally, his energies stirring for war. That pike, he thought, for which Doctor Franklin was to get a model; there was a good description of one in Marshal Saxe, who suggested that the weapon be of hollowed pine fourteen feet long with an eighteen-inch blade, and that the men who were to carry them should also have cutting-swords and pistols.

Going down from the State-house toward 2d Street, where Wayne's friend Sharp Delany lived, the martial display continued. At his shop on 4th and Chestnut, Plunkett Fleeson was supplying drums and colors. On 3d Street, opposite the Harp and Crown, Wollere Ming had his window full of polished swords with leather scabbards, pistols, holsters, belts, and cartouche boxes. Turning south from Chestnut on 2d Street, Wayne passed Pike's school for dancing in Lodge Alley, where the proprietor was now advertising that he would undertake to teach young Philadelphia gentlemen the art of fencing. Half a square farther Peter Stretch, the clothier, was showing rolls of buff and scarlet broadcloth. And Sharp Delany himself, Wayne found, had been made a member of the Committee for the City and Liberties of Philadelphia.

This heady brilliance of sound and color would soon result in war, that was certain; but where it would end nobody knew. The petition of the Second Continental Congress to King George had been ignored. The battle of Charlestown had been fought, and Nicholas Brooks was selling colored prints of the engagement at his shop in Black Horse Alley. Soon the crown would pronounce the American colonies to be in a state of rebellion. But meanwhile Anthony Wayne was satisfied to vote and organize and fight to regain the province's equitable independency as a part of the British Empire. There would be, he thought likely, a short skirmish at most; then the English Tory government would be forced to abandon this latest taxation scheme of theirs.

In the interim it was agreeable to ride the dangerous crest of rebellion. With Sharp Delany, who was a lawyer, he discussed army discipline, having been named one of the subcommittee to write the rules and regulations of the Pennsylvania militia. With his friend Richard Peters, who was secretary of the Military Association for the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, he talked of the business of providing crews for the boats which were being completed down below Dock Street; for that too was a job with which the Committee of Safety had intrusted him. With Doctor Benjamin Rush, surgeon of the fleet, he drank bottles of claret while they meditated mellowly on the campaigns of Marshal Saxe. In the company of Doctor Franklin, Robert Morris, and others he went down the Delaware to mark sites for forts and to sink chevaux-de-frise in the river to protect the harbor. And in the evenings it was pleasant to stop in at the house of Doctor Bond, where he was certain of finding acquaintances who were interested to hear the latest word from the Committee of Safety.

Upon the sofa in front of Doctor Bond's fireplace he often found Miss

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Hetty Griffiths. Hetty was bright, she could accompany him with amusing talk, she cultivated a few literary allusions, and spoke of her heart as an impertinent little throbber. Together they lightly weighed the merits of the latest work of Laurence Sterne, which James Humphreys had issued by subscription from his shop at Front Street and Black Horse Alley. Sometimes his country cousin, Miss Sally Robinson, was also at Doctor Bond's; and Dick Peters too was there, a bland young man of thirty with a high forehead and sharp clear eyes, which often glowed with adoration for Miss Sally. After the death of Dick's father, the Reverend Richard Peters, who had saved a fortune, they would probably be married, Anthony thought likely.

Those summer and autumn days in Philadelphia must have made war appear as a providential boon to man. The guns were far away, the casualties small around Boston, yet near enough and large enough to remind the Committee of Safety that there was danger in defiance if it failed. Even many of the Tories and Quakers were aligned with the Whigs in protesting infringement of what they felt to be their rights, while everybody, for the time, seemed to be marching in the long pageantry of a unified purpose. And by October 2 the wharf at the foot of Dock Street was clustered with the *Hancock*, the *Bull Dog*, the *Washington*, the *Franklin*, the *Ranger*, the *Dickinson*, the *Warren*, the *Burke*, the *Camden*, and the *Experiment*—ships which Anthony Wayne had manned and for which he and Captain Tench Francis had provided guns.

Wayne's conduct, his friends had begun to observe, was spirited. It was. He not only kept average attendance at the six o'clock Committee of Safety meetings, raised crews and equipment for the ships and worked as executive in the council, but also was raising a regiment in Chester County to be ready for Continental service. With Francis Johnston and Persifor Fraser, young squires like himself, he rode about the countryside and appointed meetings for drills. Sometimes he addressed gatherings of uncertain farmers, telling them indignantly that the British were making a footstool of their sister colony, Massachusetts; that while the tea-party had not been carried out by the better sort of Bostonians, nevertheless no self-respecting Pennsylvanian could permit the New England port to be closed by King George. The whole difficulty, he said, was caused by England, who was trying her last and hardest to tax Americans. And his advice to the country at large was the same as that offered in each issue of the *Pennsylvania Journal and Weekly Advertizer:* By uniting the colonies would stand, by dividing they would fall.

But it was not his words, it was his actions that marked the path he was soon to follow. He had a figure that men admired, a severe impatience in snapping out commands on a drill-field, a reckless light in his brazen eyes, all of which had begun to attract ardent young Irishmen, Germans, Welshmen, and Englishmen, who, from any one of a variety of causes, were eager to carry a musket for Pennsylvania—or perhaps for the United Colonies.

For by early December the Second Continental Congress had requested the Committee of Safety to raise and equip four battalions to join the Continental line under General Washington. Richard Montgomery and Benedict Arnold, it was known in Philadelphia, were marching a small army through the

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Canadian snows toward Quebec. King George had long since proclaimed the Americans to be in a state of rebellion. Boston was still withstanding the siege, and Congress was growing impatient for the town to be attacked and the British driven from the port.

Meanwhile Anthony Wayne rode in and out of Philadelphia, from committee meetings to battalion drills. On New Year's day, 1776, he was back at Waynesborough again, but waiting for Francis Johnston, Persie Fraser, Thomas Hartley, Joseph Wood, and the rest of the officers of the volunteer battalion to come on military business. And two days later he had returned to Philadelphia, where the Committee of Safety had been empowered that morning by Congress to appoint the colonels who were to lead the Pennsylvania troops northward—either to General Washington at Boston or to General Montgomery in Canada.

With Doctor Franklin in the chair and all the members present, the nominations were begun. For the first of the four battalions the names of Anthony Wayne and Robert Magaw were offered; on the ballot Wayne was given twenty-three votes to Magaw's twenty. For the next John Shee received the appointment. Then Arthur Saint Clair, who had served the king as a soldier and who had come from western Pennsylvania, where he had once commanded a fort, was named for the third and Robert Magaw was shifted to take charge of the fourth.

And now war at last was on its roundabout route to Waynesborough and the pleasant, rolling fields of Chester County. Yet so ardent was Anthony Wayne's desire and so glorious did his fighting colonelcy appear that he was scarcely awake to a single consequence. That he might be hanged as a rebel, that his family might go in want, that he might lose the best of his blood on half a dozen battle-fields were conjectures for a later day. And when his wife gave him a hasty note from Squire Bartholomew, who suggested that as Anthony was going away, perhaps never to return, would he please settle at once for the bull he had bought, Wayne wondered why Polly looked so tragic.

Toward midday of June 8, 1776, the open land west of Three Rivers village in the province of Quebec lay under a shifting mass of red-streaked smoke. Dark as a rain-cloud, it came from the powder of slow-rattling muskets and small brass cannon of some thousands of British regulars, their close ranks shielded by an earthwork thrown up before a low cluster of colorless houses. Flanking the long ridge of fresh dirt, half a dozen English transports rode at anchor on the surface of the pale Saint Lawrence and dumped the shells of their booming howitzers into the dark confusion. The men on deck and those behind the earthwork were now firing at a common object which moved erratically near the edge of the green forest in which the clearing ended. Compared to themselves their target was ridiculously small—a mere platoon of American soldiers. But the leader of the few—Colonel Anthony Wayne, of Waynesborough—despite the negligible size of his command, continued to deploy them challengingly against the bulk of the British army in Canada.

By all that was sensible and normal Colonel Wayne and his three ragged squads should have stood in mortal fear and consternation. Not only were they facing an enemy of hopelessly superior force, the wood behind them was filled

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with their own retreating men; they were soaked to the waist in mud and water; they were a thousand miles from home and soon they too would have to run for their lives. Moreover, it was the first time Colonel Wayne or his Pennsylvanians had been under any kind of fire. He should have winced as he fought there, should have been white around the lips and speechless.

And perhaps he was. But somewhere inside him, beneath the superficial twitching of his muscles and his well-controlled fear, he was bubbling with delight. For he had a mine of energy which his indignation had set to blazing, and at last he had confronted the enemy in the field.

Already the day had ended miserably for the attacking party to which Colonel Wayne belonged. But this failure, which finished the long and futile Canadian expedition, had been a certainty for months. During the winter and spring while Wayne attended Committee of Safety meetings in Philadelphia Benedict Arnold, with dead Montgomery's men, had kept Quebec besieged. But that had been possible only because the Saint Lawrence was frozen. When the ice thawed tall-masted ships with many British troops aboard would come sailing into the bay and control the river from its mouth to Montreal. Yet Congress had continued to direct men to Canada. In April General Wooster had been sent to supersede Arnold before Quebec. After Wooster came General John Thomas. And by May two more generals, William Thompson and John Sullivan, with Wayne's and Saint Clair's regiments among the Continental volunteers under them, were on their way northward from Albany to join the army on the Saint Lawrence.

Thompson had come first, bringing Arthur Saint Clair with him. He found the Americans at the village of Sorel, where General Thomas had taken them after retreating from Quebec. For early in May several British ships had landed soldiers at the river citadel, forcing Thomas to retire. There were other enemy transports on the Saint Lawrence, but nobody at Sorel knew their whereabouts or number. Thomas himself and many of his men were sick and feverish with smallpox. Though Arnold was laying febrile siege to Montreal, slight hope appeared of a successful movement anywhere in Canada.

Thompson had brought reinforcements. General Sullivan, his superior, would soon be there with six battalions more. But with British transports sailing the Saint Lawrence the river had the potential menace of a flood. Yet when word was brought to Thompson that less than eight hundred British regulars had encamped several miles downstream at the village of Three Rivers, it was Arthur Saint Clair's suggestion that Thompson give him about six hundred men with which to make a surprise attack and capture them.

That was on the morning of June 2, six days before Anthony Wayne stood under the lead and iron deluge at Three Rivers. Without verifying the report General Thompson allowed Saint Clair to set out with the number of men he had asked for. But a few hours after Saint Clair had gone General Sullivan, the ranking officer, arrived. Approving Thompson's enterprise, he felt that six hundred men was not a safe number for the attack on Three Rivers. There should be twice that number and Thompson should command them, overtake Saint Clair, and assume charge of the expedition. But he was not, Sulli-

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van ordered Thompson, to attack Three Rivers unless he was certain he could carry it, for if he failed, it would mean the break-up of the whole Canadian undertaking.

While Sullivan sat down to wait in his most hopeful mood, Thompson hurried the tired battalions into bateaux bound down the broad river. They were for the most part Pennsylvania volunteers under the immediate command of Colonel Anthony Wayne and Colonel William Irvine. On their heads were round felt hats, from their shoulders hung long, loose hunting-jackets, and in their hands were muskets which had been issued to them less than a month before. Colonel Wayne, in one of the wide-bottomed boats, sat with his cutting-sword between his knees and wished his own men looked more like soldiers. Their eyes were clear and many were of admirable brawn; he had taught them to shave each morning, also to grease and powder their hair—but those ungainly hunting-shirts and insufficient hats! The contrast between their dress and his own was too marked to be comfortable: he wore a three-cornered hat with a bright cockade which one of the daughters of General Schuyler had made him, a tailored coat of blue broadcloth with white facings, smooth white breeches, and polished leather boots. But at that his men were smarter than those of Colonel Maxwell's Jersey battalion, and some day perhaps Congress would clothe them in really decent uniforms.

The boatmen poled on down the river. Though the distance to Three Rivers was less than fifty miles and the bateaux were moving with the current, it was not until June 6 that Thompson overtook Arthur Saint Clair. They joined at Nicolete, where that night and the next day passed while the officers talked and the soldiers looked to the priming of their muskets. Before another sun went down General Thompson had determined to cross to the north bank, land his boats, and after a quick march halt at the edge of Three Rivers village and attack at dawn. His Canadian guides had assured him that his men could march into position for the surprise before the lifting night disclosed them.

They crossed the Saint Lawrence in the dark and landed nine miles above Three Rivers. Led by natives in whom their faith was all too fatuous, they began their march in four columns, which strung out farther and farther as the men pushed along the narrow paths in the midst of great trees and thick underbrush. The trails twisted senselessly and interminably. After two hours they were still on the march through the forest. The officers grew anxious. The men started muttering. Overhead, obscured by the densely gathered leaves, the dead black sky was fading gray.

When the head of the leading column broke out from among the trees daylight was broad enough to show them the face of the Saint Lawrence. It was still close to their right flank, but instead of the hoped-for sight of Three Rivers village they saw a clutter of armed British transports lying near the bank. Colonel Saint Clair, who was then in the lead, shouted Halt! A runner ran down the column and General Thompson came hurrying up.

It was a confusing moment for General Thompson. He had been ordered not to attack without good prospect of success, which now, he must have seen, was impossible. Yet if he turned back without a blow, turned back on sight of the enemy after having marched five hundred miles to Canada—it was too

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objectionable to contemplate. He had one thousand four hundred and fifty Americans with him, and most of them were eager to fire a musket. That, then, was the answer.

North of where General Thompson stood a strip of forest stretched parallel with the river. If he could march his troops into it before the transports discovered him, he could swing through the trees toward the right and come in upon Three Rivers from the rear. The forest looked so safe and friendly.

General Thompson passed the order and the columns headed for the cover of the wood. Whichever battalion entered first, it was Colonel Wayne's that soon was in the lead. For now that the time and place had been agreed on, he was eager for the actual engagement. His head up, his shoulders squared under his blue broadcloth, he stalked energetically at the head of the two hundred and two Pennsylvanians who had been recruited from Chester County. On his left came Maxwell's battalion of four hundred and eighty-three men from New Jersey, while at his right came Colonels Saint Clair and Irvine with the rest of the Pennsylvanians, each at the head of a column and all moving briskly.

But that swift pace which would have brought all four columns quickly to the open fields in front of Three Rivers was unexpectedly changed. The men began to drag their legs and flounder. For the earth beneath the green moss and coarse grass made a black, watery swamp. The first squads went into it and marched more slowly. The others followed, irritable at the delay. A little farther and the columns were sinking to their knees. And whether they plunged to right or left, it was swampland they encountered.

Four wretched hours later the head of Wayne's column floundered out, the men soaked to the waists and cursing. Three Rivers lay in sight at last, but the sun was high, and in front of the village, protected by earthworks, stood a large British force under General Fraser, while down the bluff to the right were seen more enemy ships. And as Wayne's men jostled out of the wood and began to form ranks, a British column set out on a steady advance upon them. Simultaneously the howitzers boomed from shipboard and a whistling went through the air like flying chains.

Like most of his men, Colonel Wayne was for the first time in battle. But from the earliest breath of twisting smoke he must have known it was his native air. And in his bold, light-gray eyes there was an almost good-natured scorn for the whirring, screeching shells from the howitzers and for the scarlet-coated column marching evenly toward him. He turned quickly and shouted an order. One of his little companies sheared off from the main body and went forward at a lusty run, their bayonets slanting down. As they hurried ahead, the rest formed rapidly into a battalion front, which moved to their support.

When Wayne's men halted, the scarlet column was within close range. Both had held their fire, but now Wayne, Francis Johnston, Hartley, and the under-officers went drubbing the volunteers into a battalion arc that enveloped the head of the British force. Then the firelocks made a pale ragged flash and crackled loudly. The British detachment paused, wheeled about in its tracks, and trotted back toward the main body. But the feeling of hot lead on their unprotected backs was overpowering; in a panic they broke ranks and ran.

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Wayne pushed his men into column formation again. But as they gathered they were struck by a heavy fire from the right where the enemy, with cannon, muskets, and howitzers, were massed behind the earthwork. Wayne disregarded that, for his instinct was always to attack, and he could stare defeat directly in the face without ever knowing what he was looking at. Furthermore, Colonel Maxwell and his New Jersey battalion were straggling out of the swampy forest on his left, while from the right appeared the columns of Saint Clair and Irvine under the command of General Thompson. Surveying the British earthwork for a moment Wayne bawled: "Have at them!" His strapping figure led the way, and his men, who had been trained by him and had his enthusiasm, trailed after him with loaded muskets.

Unfortunately, Wayne and his column went alone. For on his left Colonel Maxwell (by whose side he was to fight again and again) had been stopped by a volley of musketry from the earthworks, and along the river-bluff to his right the men of General Thompson's division were dodging confusedly under the lead and iron that rained from the village and the starboard side of the transports. And the centre, with both its flanks thus dragging, was brought to a standstill within rifle range of Three Rivers.

Nobody spoke the word retreat, no voice could have commanded then. With Thompson's and Maxwell's columns mixed up in backward skirmishing, the centre simply rolled away from the fire. They were weary, bedraggled, and three times outnumbered. And down at the bluff more British troops had landed to cut off General Thompson and part of his withdrawing troops, and Lieutenant-Colonel Billy Allen, whose father was a noted Tory, was trying to lead Saint Clair's column away from capture.

With the British landing in rear of them, it became at once the object of the Americans to get clear of the post which they had come to attack. Already the enemy were rising from behind their breastworks, and it was apparent that there would be a race for the boats from which the Americans had disembarked nine miles up the river in the dark.

Colonel Wayne's battalion drifted back toward the swampy wood. Moving in fair order, they became the point on which loose elements from Maxwell's left and Thompson's right converged. On this account Wayne found his own force more than doubled. Even more were added to it as they neared the fringe of the forest, for the one battalion which Thompson had left in reserve now appeared, ready to take their share of the battle. Wayne halted and joined them all together for a rally.

And here the one necessary movement of the muddled and repulsed attack was made. The whole of Thompson's expedition had gone down, and many of them were being beaten. General Thompson himself had been surrounded and captured by British troops who had landed behind him; everywhere his men were being driven. Their highest hope was now to leave Three Rivers as free men, not as prisoners. But even that was doubtful until Wayne turned.

Fearless as a sensitive mortal in an uncertain world might be, Wayne swung the reserves, the drifters, and his own battalion around until they again faced Three Rivers and the scarlet-spotted field. His men in their round hats and belted hunting-shirts commenced

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firing with their slow-working muskets, their bullets attracting British interest to themselves, relieving some of the stress from the harried flanks so that they might be enabled to withdraw.

The enemy came on, stopped, came doggedly on again. Wayne watched them impatiently. But on his left Maxwell's men were safely sinking back into the wood, and on his right the bulk of General Thompson's division, led by Billy Allen, had pushed through the cordon of British from the ships and were racing up the river. And as for the men who were fighting the delaying action, Colonel Wayne was detaching squad after squad of them, sending them through the security of the swampy wood while he stood in the way of their pursuit.

If Wayne thought of himself as he stood there before the oncoming British, it was not in terms of danger and defeat but of ambition well fulfilled. Completely the man of action, the spirit of war had captured him in early youth. With a vigor and endurance that fitted him for combat, he had a fine, healthy scorn for the British soldiers. He was transparently vain and as clearly honest; and though General Fraser had not been driven to defeat, Wayne felt it was good work to have at them with the bayonet and the cutting-sword, and to be last to leave the field when their jackets were too many and too bright beneath the drifting film of smoke. It was not until his force was down to twenty privates and six officers, to whom the enemy were close enough to fire their muskets effectively, it was not till then that he ran for the safety of the wood in which the others had disappeared.

Ahead of him Americans were strung out for more than a mile through the marshy forest. There was a rusty stain on his white breeches, for he had been struck in the right leg by a musket-ball, but he stalked swiftly as the ground would permit, hurrying the bedraggled troops along. For the British had followed into the wood, and though they were not to continue far by land, the fact that they were coming behind him sharpened the anxiety with which the men pushed toward their distant boats. The Saint Lawrence was yet to be crossed before they would be free of danger.

Through the swamp, over fields and into forests again, the straggling expedition hurried over the nine miles which lay between Three Rivers and the landing where their bateaux had been left under heavy guard. But the boats were not there. When Wayne arrived, the disordered men were gathering where their craft had been, peering up and down the river or looking dull-eyed at one another as they faced a night on a cheerless bank and muttered over the surprise into which they had walked that morning. General Thompson, it soon was known, had been surrounded and was a British prisoner. So was Colonel William Irvine. About two hundred men were missing from the columns that had advanced on the right. And nearly fifty men of New Jersey and Pennsylvania had been left dead between the swamp and the village. And Arthur Saint Clair, the old soldier who had fought for the king, was missing. A snag in his foot, somebody said. The men stirred moodily and wished they were back home.

But Colonel Wayne came up with challenging briskness. And the men began to form into ranks. With the boats

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gone the only way of rejoining General Sullivan at Sorel was by marching the forty-odd-mile distance and then shouting across the water until bateaux from the Continental camp were sent after them. Meanwhile some of the British transports would probably be sailing up toward Montreal. Weary, confused, some of the men wounded, they marched westward through the late afternoon.

Three days later Wayne brought his eleven hundred men to the ground of the north bank opposite Sorel. A signal was hallooed across the water, was caught by the camp-guard patrolling the low, gray village. The bateaux were there, having been taken from the neighborhood of Three Rivers to save them from being captured by a British transport. Now they were sent across the river, and the weary, famished men embarked.

When Wayne's first boatload was ferried over to Sorel, General Sullivan sat in his tent. He had a letter half written on the table before him and was waiting for some definite word from Three Rivers before finishing it. Addressed to General Washington and begun at one o'clock on June 8, Sullivan had intended it to bear happy news to the distant commander-in-chief. The lines were before him that General Thompson had "made his attack at daylight, for at that time a very heavy cannonading began, which lasted with some intervals to twelve o'clock. It is now near one P. M.; the firing has ceased, except some irregular firing with cannon, at a considerable distance of time one from the other. At eight o'clock a very heavy firing of small-arms was heard even here, at a distance of forty-five miles. I am almost certain that victory has declared in our favor, as the irregular firing of the cannon for such a length of time after the small-arms ceased, shows that our men are in possession of the ground."

Though almost certain of his deductions, General Sullivan had held the letter open until he could send a verified message. With Thompson successful at Three Rivers, he thought, he himself would move with the whole army, clearing the British ships from the Saint Lawrence and marching on to the capture of Quebec. He had hoped to be given command of the American forces in Canada and to carry on a long campaign in which he would make up for the half-failures of the expedition which had been in that country under Benedict Arnold since December.

But Wayne's first hungry boatload to be taken across the river to Sorel brought the mortifying reverse of all that General Sullivan had hoped for and expected. Not only had the attack been a failure, not only were General Thompson and Colonel Irvine under British guard, but worst of all was the intelligence that he would have to count the enemy along the Saint Lawrence in thousands where he had counted them in hundreds. To go on with the letter was painfully humiliating, but at last he bowed his head and lifted his quill pen. That "little tincture of vanity" which General Washington had espied in him had turned to gall.

Now it was clear that Canada would have to be evacuated, that the long journey of the Pennsylvanians to New York, then to Albany, and then up shallow rivers to the Saint Lawrence had been of no account. Of the two thousand five hundred and thirty-three men, sick and well, officers, non-coms., and privates under Sullivan, nearly all were disheart-

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ened. On their way northward they had been hilarious, had gambled at nights in their billets, had got good-naturedly drunk, and had often fought among themselves. But since then they had seen something of war and they were not eager to face it again.

Wayne had returned with the men to Sorel on June 11. For three days they lay resting. And during each of those days one or more British transports sailed up the Saint Lawrence on the way to Montreal. On board or marching along the north bank beside the boats was the majority of the thirteen thousand British regulars which England had sent to Canada. Commanded by Sir Guy Carleton, Lieutenant-General John Burgoyne, and a host of lesser general officers, it was a dispiriting sight to the crippled Americans. Arnold, they knew, would have to hurry from Montreal and General Sullivan would have to order the retreat at once.

Sullivan broke camp and headed his leading columns southward toward Lake Champlain. Already Lieutenant-General John Burgoyne had landed and was following him. With a torch in rear to fire the stores and bridges, Sullivan moved down to Chamblee, where John Thomas had been taken to die of the smallpox. His soldiers straggled out into an each-man-for-himself mob. At every house or cabin along the way men slumped away from the slowly moving column and went inside, where they sat in a coma of bewildered rest. When Sullivan made ready to move from Chamblee to Saint Johns, his disorganized lines extended behind him for several miles.

A slow, dripping rain began the day Sullivan marched from Chamblee. Before he left he had news of Arnold, whose aide rode hurriedly into the town, explaining that his chief's retreat was being cut off by a British detachment and that he wanted a few hundred additional men with which to fight his way clear. The aide was Captain James Wilkinson, a youth who spoke with giddy, rhetorical warmth. Sullivan gave him an order on the rear-guard for five hundred men to be supplied by Baron de Woedtke.

Wilkinson turned northward along the beaten road. He passed shambling groups of men who walked with no officer to direct them, knots of officers who had no men under them. Baron de Woedtke, who was probably drunk in some cabin, was not to be found. But with his order from General Sullivan, Wilkinson went on.

Some distance through the forest north of Chamblee, Wilkinson met an officer who seemed more alert than most of those he had passed. It was Lieutenant-Colonel Billy Allen, second in command of Saint Clair's regiment. They stopped, and Wilkinson told him of Arnold's predicament and of the need for five hundred men.

Billy Allen shook his head. There was not half that number to be seen on the road. He didn't believe, he answered, that a detachment could be made. But even if that many could be formed out of the broken ranks, they would be of little help, for the army, he explained, had become conquered by its fears. And yet— Allen was silent a moment. Then he said: "Colonel Wayne is in the rear, and if any one can do it, he is the man."

Wilkinson rode on, asking for Colonel Wayne, whom he found a mile or so nearer the end of the straggling American column. In a uniform of blue and white, with a ruffled stock and a cocked felt hat, the colonel was stalking along

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the muddy road as if he owned it and dared any one to deny the fact.

A flighty youth of not yet twenty, but old enough to be recklessly ambitious, Wilkinson, if he spoke as usual, made Colonel Wayne a high-pitched, almost hysterical address and then smugly waited for the answer. General Arnold was at Longueil and would soon be surrounded. It was terrible. Men must be sent. The fate of the country, the honor of America, Captain Wilkinson's personal honor, all depended on it.

Wayne took the order. He talked with Wilkinson. So Arnold was in a scrape and needed five hundred men? And General Sullivan had sent Wilkinson to De Woedtke after them? Arnold, it seemed certain from what he had heard of him, would fight and make good use of the detachment against the British redcoats. Therefore he should have them. That Burgoyne was moving up from the rear, that the American army was leaving Canada perhaps never to return, and that the troops were demoralized was true; but that was of secondary interest to Colonel Wayne. The British had not yet put down the rebellion; he doubted that they would be able ever so to do. Meanwhile Arnold needed help, and so long as there were five hundred stragglers on the road Wayne would see that he got it.

Walking with Wilkinson until they came to a wooden bridge across a stream, Wayne stopped. From there Wilkinson watched him halt the disheartened soldiers. It was a simple matter, and in less than an hour the detachment was completely formed and sloshing over the muddy road westward toward Longueil.

But Wayne's next encounter with the British was not to be so near as the village of Longueil, for Arnold had marched out of danger and was on his way to join General Sullivan. And Wayne, following down toward Lake Champlain, had glimpsed the army of Sir Guy Carleton and Burgoyne for the last time.

[Other articles about Mad Anthony Wayne will follow.]

A Fragment

By Shaemas O'Sheel

There came a dawn to white Abydos' towers
When Hero, tearless, all her tears being shed,
Knew suddenly the end of those hushed hours
When her strong laughing boy, with wave-drenched head,
Would shake the sea from him, and make the cliff their bed.
Her heart stood still, clutched by the empty years;
But then this thought came flooding like a tide,
Though love is over, yet love was! The spears
Of grief were broken on her remembering pride.

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Lady Vagabonds

BY CLIFF MAXWELL

The women of the road as seen by the author whose stories of hoboing, "Red" and "Slim," in the two preceding numbers have lent a new flavor to the literature of the world's gypsies.

During the twenty-five or more years I have been gypsying over and around the world, I have heard, time after time, from other hoboes, tales of this or that "lady hobo." Ladies who followed the same life and routine that any hobo follows—riding rods, tops, blinds, empties, or the steps of the vestibules.

Many and many are the times I have been regaled by tales of the exploits of these lady hoboes who, according to the numerous narrators of the tales, had no aim or objective in life other than being a hobo.

There was the tale of "Boston Betty." She, according to my raconteurs, found it exceedingly difficult to ride over one certain stretch of road. The poor girl simply could not get aboard the train in any of the various little crannies known to hoboes that a shack (brakeman) didn't come along and tell Betty in coarse, raucous voice to "hit th' grit."

In despair, Betty sauntered up toward the head-end of the train and a short distance up the track ahead of the locomotive. She thought she might be able to swing underneath on the long rods that strengthen passenger and freight cars, which in hobo parlance are known as "gunnels." This is a favorite trick of the old-time tramp royal. Once underneath on the rods, a hobo could feel reasonably sure of at least making the next station without being ditched.

When the train started up, she saw it was too closely guarded by the train-crew for her to ride any of the places usually ridden by the fraternity; then her eye rested upon the wooden crosspiece under the locomotive's pilot, or, as it is more familiarly known, "cow-catcher."

"She beat it down th' track as fast as she could," said my jungle raconteur, "so that by th' time th' pilot was abreast of her th' train would be going too fast for th' shack to bother stopping th' train to put her off.

"As the cow-catcher came even with her, she swung onto it and crawled right down onto that wooden crosspiece that rides about six inches above the rails.

"She made it to th' next station O. K., but th' dam' engine hit a cow before it got there, an' you should have seen Betty when she crawled off!" concluded my story-telling host, with a what-do-you-think-of-that expression on his unshaven mug.

"Tough on the cow," was my usual comment. I can't see why it was a bit more necessary for Betty to forsake the comparative security of the cow-catcher's top and go under it, than it was for that darned locomotive to wait all those years, until Betty climbed underneath its pilot, to sneak up on a cow and strew it all over the landscape and Betty.

That's one exploit you hear. There

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are others just as dreary and impossible, like the one of another lady hobo who was hard pressed to board the Black Diamond Express. This lady's moniker slips my memory for the moment, but it seems she, after numerous repulses and blackguardly language from the railroad's hired hands, decided she would make the next station in spite of them, or die in the attempt.

This lady hobo climbed into the water-tank and "made it right through —but she crawled out looking like a drowned rat," says my story-teller, overlooking the fact that his heroine would not only have "looked like a drowned rat" but would have felt exactly the same as a rat *thoroughly* drowned if she really had ridden in that water-tank—even if it had been but half full. The swaying of the tender would have caused the water to wash over its passenger so often and so deeply that she would have been a "drowned rat" before the train had gone five miles.

These, and other tales like them, have been foisted off onto me for a good many hobo moons.

But, despite all these yarns that have grown into tradition and legend on the road, I have yet to meet one of these lady hoboes.

This does not mean, however, that I have never met up with women beating their ways on trains. I have. But they were *not* hoboes. They were girls who wished to visit a certain city and, not having the money to make it possible for them to ride the cushions, did the next best thing.

None of them were on the road for the same reason I was on it: adventure, travel, or incurable wanderlust.

There may be lady hoboes, but I have never known or met or even seen one. But there *are* lady vagabonds—legions!

The difference, as I have been taught to define the two terms, is this: a hobo is an individual who *will* work—despite all you may hear to the contrary—but he will not take steady employment. His wanderlust will not permit of it.

He is an individual who, rather than remain in one place and take steady employment to earn the money that may or may not make it possible for him to travel in comfort, will deliberately become a social and municipal outcast and legitimate prey for the police to beat, pinch, and frame for any crime they are too stupid to solve.

He deliberately chooses a life of hardship, privation, poverty, and ostracism; because, without the money to pay his way, he must beat it, and beating his way on the railroads he becomes in the eyes of the law a minor criminal and is treated as such by municipal authorities and citizens alike. In short, his life as a hobo is everything that a life shouldn't be. This, in itself, is argument enough against any woman ever becoming a chronic hobo.

A vagabond is an individual who takes life even less seriously than a hobo; one who, if he (and *always* she) can possibly avoid it, will never perform manual labor, living by his (or her) wits rather than by work. Some may have certain principles, morals, and scruples, some may not—none of them will work hard. That is a vagabond as I define the term—and these ladies I write of were vagabonds.

Creole Helen supplied no small part to the colorful night life in New Orleans cabarets some years ago. [Her name is fiction, her story is fact.] She was at heart a gypsy, a vagabond.

She was vivacious, alluring. She reeked with that intangible something

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which unimaginable and unoriginal people style "it"—and she knew it. She capitalized it.

She could have married into almost any well-to-do family in the Crescent City, had she cared to do so. But she was a gypsy.

Helen tired of the exaggerated gestures which pass current for chivalry in New Orleans. She sickened of the same faces, the same things, and the same nightly garishness of familiar cafés and cabarets.

Now, New Orleans cafés and cabarets nightly house skippers who sail ships over the seven seas. Blue-water skippers are noted for their appreciativeness of feminine pulchritude; therefore, Helen's method of leaving the bright lights of New Orleans was simple. San Francisco was her next port of call.

Frisco's old Barbary Coast could—and did—supply excitement enough for even Helen, and she queened it over sailors, soldiers, civilians, bartenders, and pimps with equal impartiality for some months—then the call of the wanderlust again.

Maybe it was the shrill, piercing scream of a locomotive's whistle that wailed and echoed over the drowsing city, or, more likely, the deep, throaty blast of a steamer's bull-voiced siren bellowing a reluctant farewell to the city of romance. In any event, and in the same manner as before, Helen departed.

Helen, like any true vagabond, remained aboard this second ship until she arrived at a port which struck her fancy—in this instance Calcutta. By the simple expedient of walking down the gangway, without even a good-by to her erstwhile lover, Helen became a resident of this city of the Orient.

In one of the cafés which Helen frequented, there came nightly a Eurasian. Like many half-castes, he had the vices of both races and the virtues of neither—but he appealed strangely to Helen.

It was comparatively easy for him to convince Helen there was money to be made smuggling dope from India into Burmah. Like a great many Occidentals, Helen had always supposed dope was so commonly used in the East that the smuggling of it was unnecessary. Such, however, is not the case. It is a contraband.

Anyway, the half-caste persuaded Helen of the money to be made and the adventures to be had in such an occupation—and it was he who suggested that her hair, which was so long and lustrous, would be just the place to secrete dope going over to Rangoon, and cut and uncut rubies when she returned from Rangoon to Calcutta.

Helen and her partner did well at this for quite a period, and Bombay and Ceylon gem merchants were making as good a thing out of it as were Helen and the half-caste, until he, desiring to double the income, introduced another man and another woman into the firm.

Then came the "eternal triangle," and the new lady partner—to get even—turned informer to a worried customs official, with the result that Helen and the two men were "knocked off."

The two men were each given a two-year "jolt," which they served. Helen, as I understand it, because she was an American citizen, was given a suspended sentence, or its equivalent in the East, and so avoided prison. I have previously mentioned that Helen was distractingly lovely. She also knew men. This may have had something to do with her suspended sentence.

In 1921 I dropped off a tramp steam-

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er in Kobe and, in due time, arrived in Shanghai. Almost the first person I met, walking down Jinkee Road, was Helen.

She was older and a light of hardness fitfully glowed in her eyes as she talked. It made me think of a firefly on a summer night in the Mississippi Valley. She was still lovely, but there were little crows'-feet beginning to make their tell-tale tracks about the corners of her eyes, and she did not have that same irresistible verve of youth she once had.

We were glad to see each other. It was when she spoke that I caught the subtle difference between the woman who stood before me in the pitiless blaze of a China sun and the alert, vivacious, don't-care-a-damn girl I knew in the long ago.

There was a note of comfortable tiredness in her voice; a sort of what-I-did-yesterday-I'm-not-doing-to-day tone.

"How's things?" I asked. "Still playing the cafés?"

"Yes," she replied. "But I'm a legitimate entertainer now. I'm married and expect to stay off the gypsy trail for keeps as soon as Bob and I can make a big enough stake for us to open a little joint of our own." Then she continued: "Would you believe it, I expect to have a child before the year has passed?"

After a few moments' further conversation I went on my way to the newspaper offices, where I eventually succeeded in hooking a reportorial job, and she moved on, either to their little apartment out Jessfield Road way, or to Maxim's café, where she and Bob worked nights.

A year later she and Bob had made their stake and had opened their café. They made it through a gun-running deal in which they took no part and which was made possible only because of the greed of the fellow who supplied, under protest, their stake. [That story, which I have called "Red," I told in the January SCRIBNER'S.]

This, on a thumb-nail, is the story of *one* lady vagabond—but she, emphatically, was *not* a hobo.

There are plenty of other lady vagabonds I could write about, but what's the use? Except for minor variations, they would read about the same.

For instance, I could tell of a certain lady vagabond I once met in Chicago, and later, years later, saw again in a little hovel on Malay Street in Singapore. She had not the stamina—or, maybe, the incentive—Helen had had. This girl gravitated, too. She gravitated far below the point to which Helen descended, eventually to ascend again.

This girl, like Helen, trafficked in drugs—but she became her own best patron. Such a good patron, in fact, that she finally was the only one. When I saw her last she had degenerated into a vacant-eyed, gross, pallid-faced derelict whose mind was even more unsteady than her underpinning, which was very unsteady. What eventually happened to her, I don't know. No doubt she was dumped, by the natives with whom she lived, into some unmarked, shallow grave and forgotten—which, after all, was as she would have had it.

I could tell other stories of lady vagabonds who, instead of doing as these two did—going into the soft climate of the tropics—took the opposite direction and sallied into the wastes of the frozen North—Juneau, Cordova, Ketchikan, Seldovia, Nome, and other Alaskan cities—before they were the cities they are to-day; before modern houses had replaced the barnlike structures of logs where crowds foregathered

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nightly to hold high bacchanalian revel.

Some of these feminine vagabonds, like Helen, won back to a more satisfactory mode of existence; others, like the girl I last saw in Singapore, seeped down into the lowest depths of humanity's cesspool, eventually to slip through a little hole in the "strainer" into that black oblivion which we all will know some day. None of them were hoboes —all of them *were* vagabonds.

Any woman can be a vagabond; few, if any, will willingly become a hobo. Show me a "lady hobo" and I'll show you an angular-bodied, flint-eyed, masculine-minded travesty upon her sex.

Presenting the Coati

BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

The habits and affections of a little-known animal whose acquaintance was made on an island in the Canal Zone by the zoological explorer and curator of ornithology of the American Museum of Natural History.

I PRESENT the coati or coati-mundi, *Nasua narica* of science, *"pisote," "gato solo," "anda solo,"* and doubtless many other names, of the tropical American countries in which he lives. His nearest relative is the raccoon, which he resembles in size, appearance, general habits, and disposition. The coati has a longer tail and a longer nose than the raccoon, and both these members function in ways well designed to express the character of their owner. The tail is usually carried jauntily erect or pointed slightly forward, with a reverse curve near the tip which makes it suggestive of an elongated interrogation-mark, indicative, perhaps, of the coati's inquiring nature. When in doubt as to your next move coati swings his tail sinuously from side to side, with, if one can imagine it, a kind of quizzical motion matched by the twinkle in his eyes, for coati is not only a most responsive creature but beyond question has a keen sense of humor.

Coati's long, almost prehensile nose houses a highly developed olfactory apparatus which evidently brings him more information than do his eyes. Indeed, I have seen him with closed eyes and curling nose sniffing this side and that in an effort to locate the source of a scent.

With these few words by way of preparation, I invite you to meet coati on Barro Colorado Island, in the Canal Zone, a part of his haunts admirably adapted to the wholly different needs of both man and beast. Here, when the Gatun dam was closed and the rising waters spread through the valleys and

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made islands of the higher ground, coati found refuge. And when the United States Government reserved the largest of these islands as a laboratory for the study of tropical life under the charge of the Institute for Research in Tropical America, coati was assured of a home in perpetuity.

When walking along the trails on Barro Colorado, if I hear a diffused rustling, with now and then a ripping, tearing sound, I know that a band of coatis is foraging through the undergrowth. If these noises decrease, I follow them cautiously; if they increase, I remain motionless. If the foragers do not get my scent, I am likely to see them whether I go to them or they come to me. They are not extremely shy animals and seem to rely largely on their sense of smell to warn them of the presence of danger. Both eyes and ears function keenly, but the hunters are so intent on the chase that, unless I am betrayed by the wind, I may approach them closely.

The noises made by their varied activities now become louder and more definite. If the leaves be dry there is sound of many footsteps, of scratching here and there, of the pulling of bark from old stumps, or the tearing apart of decayed logs in a search for grubs. There is a sniffling, snuffling, and grunting with occasionally a sharp note of protest, when ownership of a bit of food is in dispute. No attempt is made to move quietly; a troop of hogs might be rooting through the forest.

These bands are composed of females and their young, and may contain from fifteen to forty individuals, or approximately three to eight families. The young are born from April to August and remain with their mother at least until the following spring. The adult males are usually found alone.

On one such occasion six half-grown young—doubtless a family—passed within twenty feet of me. They were nosing along, "trying the air," first one side then the other, prying here and there, or stopping to dig, insert their long noses, and sniff. Suddenly there was a wild scurry followed by absolute silence. Two of the six young failed to get away. Probably they were too frightened to know where to go, so they "froze" in their tracks. For nearly a minute they remained motionless, crouching low and obviously unaware of my presence. Then they crawled slowly and cautiously after the others. Evidently some one of the band of twenty-five or thirty animals had caught my scent and given the alarm. It was unheard by me, but loud enough for the youngsters near me, and the promptness with which they responded gave evidence of the strictness of their training. There was no stopping to ask questions, no "whys" or "just one mores"—they obeyed. Within ten minutes, doubtless having passed more to windward, the band was on its devastating way again.

Not infrequently our meeting is mutually surprising. The probability of encountering a puma, or even jaguar, on Barro Colorado makes one rather sensitive to suggestive sounds, and at a sudden *woof-woof* and quick rush of feet one "freezes," much as do the young coatis. Meanwhile, the coatis, being more active, have sprung up trees and you see them here and there, clinging to the bark six to ten feet from the ground, looking at you intently, and uttering low, grunting notes.

At once you are impressed with their personality. These are not unresponsive squirrels, cats, or opossums, but intel-

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ligent, perceptive creatures thoroughly aware of your presence. As a matter of course, I always address, under these circumstances, the coati nearest to me and, reacting to its expression, I adopt a sort of hail-fellow-well-met attitude, saying something like: "Now see here, old chap, I'm not in the least dangerous and there's no reason in the world why you and I shouldn't be good friends." I have no doubt that if I could convey this sentiment in a way which was understood the coati would take me at my word. But both as species and individual I am a stranger who has still to win his confidence. He is very much at a disadvantage as regards size and there appears to be no real reason why he should run any risks. Nevertheless, he shows an evident desire for closer acquaintance. I like to think that my attitude and voice disarm suspicion, but it is doubtless curiosity that prompts him to descend a step or two. His long tail curves and undulates with silent eloquence, and he tosses his head with a graceful, coquettish, coltlike movement as he seems to reply: "What you say *sounds* most interesting, but this whole situation seems pretty queer to me. It *may* be all right, but I don't *see* anything in it for me, and if you don't mind I think I'll play safe." So down he jumps and scampers off through the forest.

This habit of bounding up a tree when surprised is an interesting one. Primarily the coati is terrestrial, and in escaping an enemy it keeps to the ground, but its first impulse when frightened is to take to a tree. Man also is terrestrial, but there are times when he too evinces a desire to revert to an arboreal habit. I recall a morning on Barro Colorado when, finding myself in close contact with a band of eighteen peccaries, my one desire was for a low-limbed tree.

One can readily understand, therefore, why a coati, unaware whence he is threatened, but having learned by experience that he will probably be attacked from the ground, springs up a tree as instinctively as, in the day of long skirts, a woman leaped chairward at the cry of "mouse!"

Here, for the moment, he has acquired a safe point of vantage from which he may survey his surroundings. Then, having located the source of alarm, his next move is governed intelligently. If forced to, he may ascend his tree of refuge, but usually he leaps to the ground and makes off through the undergrowth.

"Safety first," however, is not always the motto of the female coati, and when encountered with young not old enough to look out for themselves she may take the aggressive. In August, 1926, Frank Drayton, then resident custodian on Barro Colorado, met six or seven female coatis hunting with their young families. He stood motionless and one mother with her young came to within four or five feet before discovering him. The young at once took to the nearest trees, where they whined with fear, but the mother sprang boldly at Drayton and would have landed at his waist if he had not parried her attack with his cane. He then backed off and coati called her young to her and hurried away with them through the forest.

Although coatis prefer the ground, they can climb with almost the agility of a monkey. Omnivorous feeders, they seem as fond of fruits as of grubs, and when some favorite fare is ripe (notably the large, thinly coated seed of the "almendro") they haunt the tree bearing it. Fallen fruit may be left

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for peccaries and agoutis, but coatis want the best there is and are willing to go for it. Apparently nothing is beyond their reach, and they go to the tree-tops and ends of lateral branches that bend beneath their weight. Surprisingly enough, the long tail, unlike that of American monkeys, is not prehensile. When climbing it serves merely as a balancing-pole, and is swung from side to side without ever grasping a limb. Place this restriction on a monkey, whose tail at times takes the place of all four feet, and the coati, thanks to the length and strength of his claws, would doubtless prove to be the better climber. When discovered in a tree, even if they be a hundred feet or more above the ground, coatis at once start downward, and, if in numbers, their rapid descent creates the impression of a cascade of animals. They pour down the branches and trunks so intent on reaching the ground that often they pass within a few yards of the innocent cause of the commotion. On one occasion of this kind, a single observer standing beneath a fruit-tree growing eighty yards from our laboratory counted thirty-five coatis pass him. An unknown number escaped by other routes and this band probably contained not less than fifty individuals. This was in February. All were full grown, and one has only to imagine half a hundred raccoons going at top speed through the trees to realize that here was a scene of considerable animation!

The adult male coati evidently leads a lonely life. Banished by his family, he seems to have a standing engagement to fight with others of his sex whenever his paths or purposes cross theirs. The papayas, plantains, and bananas growing about our laboratory attract numbers of these solitary animals. Their continued presence gives us an opportunity to promote an acquaintance denied us by the animals we chance to meet in the forest. Furthermore, our plea for more intimate relations is accompanied by the offer of food.

Their response differs with the disposition of the animal, and ranges from complete lack of confidence in our motives to absolute conquest. There was, for example, one individual whom we never knew even well enough to name, who accepted our bounty but refused us his friendship. Finding a bunch of growing bananas approaching maturity, he took possession of the plant bearing them, mounted to a comfortable lookout above the fruit, and declared his ownership. If another coati approached, he warned him off with sharp, birdlike notes, and so effectively did he proclaim his nine points that they were accepted as law. When hunger prompted he descended to his storehouse and leisurely supplied his wants. Then he returned to his perch to doze. But never was he too sound asleep to be aware of the appearance of a possible rival to his claim, and he always took the initiative by asserting his rights before they were challenged. This state of affairs lasted for nearly three days, when, the bananas having been consumed, he descended to earth and the level of the average coati.

Of a very different temperament was an individual whom in due time we named Peter. To Drayton belongs the credit of winning Peter's friendship. In him are strongly developed that patience, gentleness, and sympathy with animal life which are required to induce a wild creature to overcome its innate suspicions, abandon the wariness of its kind, and actually place its life in your hands.

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Day by day the distances at which bits of banana were retrieved were shortened and with the gradually closer approach there seemed to be an intelligent appreciation of our changing relations. The quaintly tossed head and nervously twisting tail of the animal of the forest gave way to a look which seemed to say: "Now just what does all this mean? Your bananas are good, I'll admit, but why do you give them to *me?*" It was doubtless the first time in his life that Peter had been given anything but his mother's milk.

The answer to these questions, if they were questions, was more bananas and shorter distances. At length a bit of banana was offered at the end of a long stick; but even when this was held just above other pieces they were deftly extracted with a catlike sweep of the long-clawed fore foot and the impaled piece above them ignored.

But a lessened sense of danger, combined perhaps with a growing love of bananas, finally induced Peter to risk his all and take a banana from Drayton's hand. It was done, however, with a grab and a panic-stricken retreat, but it was done and no harm followed. Then the banana was held more firmly so that only bites could be taken at one time. These were eaten only after backing off several yards. Still no evil resulted and, in the end, Pete, as we now called him, put his hands on the one that held the banana while he quietly enjoyed his meal.

Morning and afternoon he now waited patiently outside the door, and if food was not forthcoming mounted the steps high enough to look over the baseboard, through the screen, to see what that banana-man was doing. We actually found his footprints on the doorknob, though we did not accept this as evidence that he had become sufficiently versed in the ways of mankind to understand the mechanism of a latch.

So one by one the little citadels of fear in which, all his life, Peter had sought refuge, capitulated to a siege of kindness and bananas. He even permitted his nose to be rubbed and back to be gently stroked, and seemed to like these caresses—doubtless the first he had ever received. How far his conquest might have been carried we do not know. With the return of the mating season impulses stronger than a love of bananas carried him to the forest and a brief period of family life.

We had hoped that in time he might fill the place of the lamented Tudy, a coati captured when she was only a few weeks old. Reared carefully by Drayton, there developed between the two a rare comradeship and affection. They played, they fought, they hunted together. They even slept side by side—Tudy, placing her head on the pillow and stretching out her legs to occupy her half of the bed like a well-behaved child, seemed in a fair way to reverse the history of the lady who became a fox.

Then came the call of her kind. Stronger than any human attachment, it was not to be denied. Always at liberty she made increasingly frequent visits to the forest, returning somewhat dishevelled, and always, apparently, glad to be home again. Sometimes Drayton would follow her to the forest. He could recognize her at a glance and, in response to his call, she would leave her newer friends and come to him. Then, repeating the fate of her vulpine prototype, she finally disappeared.

News of Peter's surrender and its reward soon spread through the forest and within a month the laboratory be-

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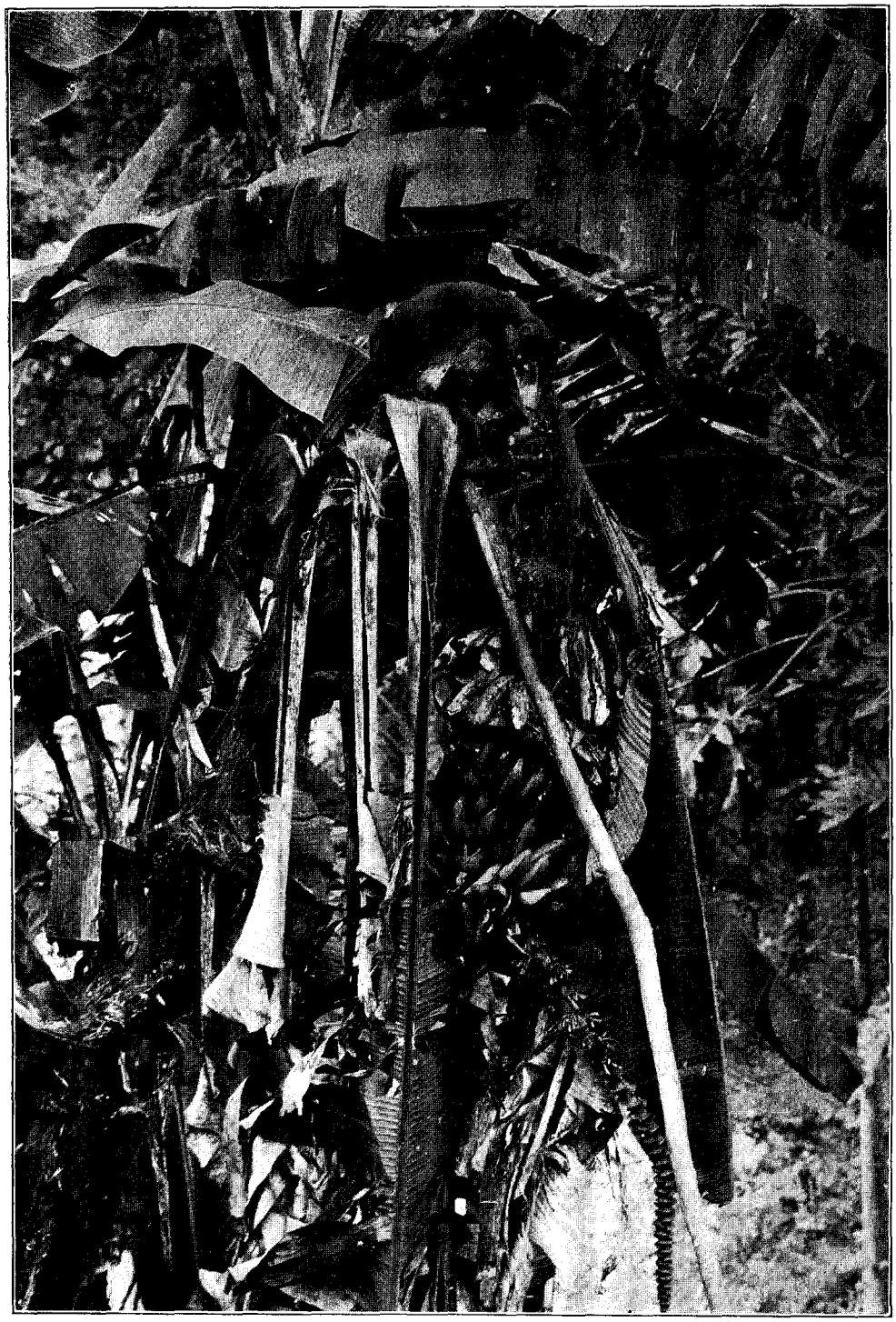

Finding a bunch of growing bananas approaching maturity he took possession of the plant bearing them, mounted to a comfortable lookout above the fruit, and declared his ownership.—See page 295.

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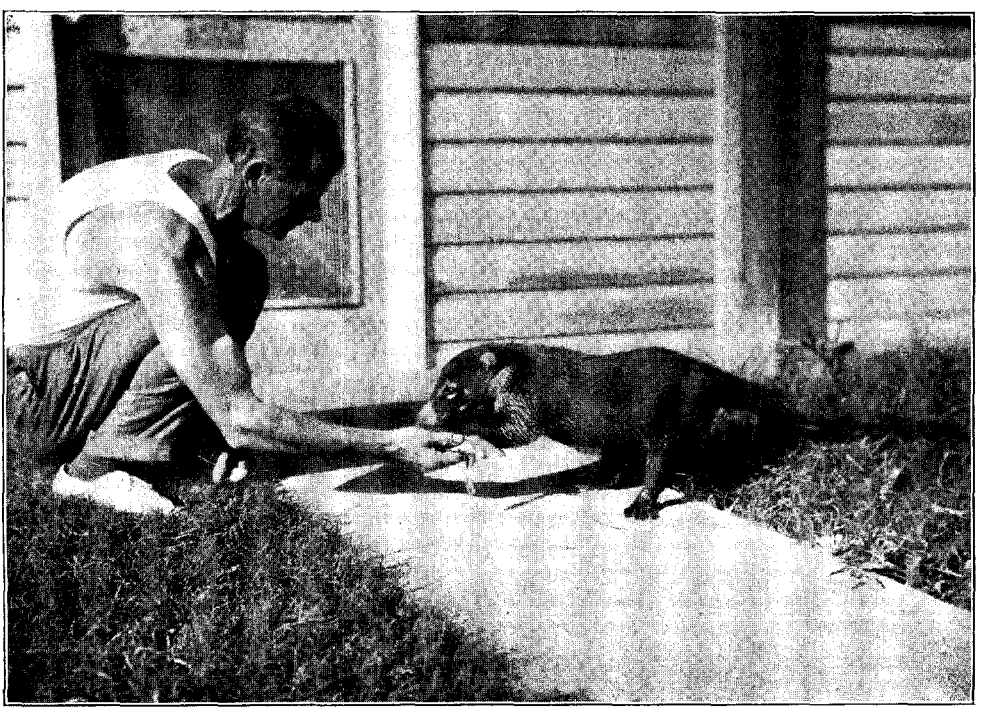
Self-made flash-light.

A coati fires the flash by taking a banana attached to the wire connected with the battery.



Pete . . . put his hands on the one that held the banana, while he quietly enjoyed his meal.

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came a focal point for unattached male coatis. With the quick adaptability of an intelligent animal they soon discovered that it was far easier to ask for food than to hunt for it, and the demands soon became so insistent that at times, when the supply of bananas became low, we had actually to avoid them. It was a striking instance of a change from wholly feral to almost domestic habits. There was, however, no change in their interrelations. These had been too long established to be readily altered. They were, indeed, on far better terms with us than they were with each other—a fine illustration of how two animals of different habits may live peaceably in close contact.

When his mastery was accepted a male permitted one or two other, and doubtless younger, males to come near him, but, as a rule, each one had his own territory, on which he promptly resented trespass.

It is when coati meets coati that the higher uses of their nasal appendage are demonstrated. The phrase to "turn up one's nose" then receives new and eloquent meaning. Never is contempt more plainly written on an animal's countenance than when a coati curls his nose at a foe and with low, piglike grunts and whinnying squeals advances to the conflict.

Usually the trespasser retreats before these facial and vocal manifestations, but if battle be given it is fought without gloves, and the long canines and longer claws are dangerous, even deadly, weapons. Most of the individuals who had established themselves at the laboratory bore the marks of conflict. One had lost an eye and had an open wound in his side. "Old Battle-axe" we called him. He became our special charge. Food we could give him, but not protection, for he had been too long free to accept confinement or to understand that it meant safety.

How long, we asked, could he hold his own among his merciless kin? No animal, it has been said, lives to reach the physical threescore and ten of its species. So keen is the struggle for existence, so evenly balanced the chances of life and death, that when one is past its prime, or through mishap has its vital forces diminished, its days are numbered.

So we kept our eye on old Battle-axe, and he kept his hold on us so closely that in his final extremity this wild, stricken creature, who had known human association only a few days but had known the ferocity of his kind all his life, pushed open the swinging door of our basement and sought sanctuary with man. There, before morning, he died.

When, therefore, I am asked—what are the principal enemies of coatis?—I reply "coatis." In their search for food they compete more closely with their own species than with any other. In their search for a mate they compete only with their own species. Choice of food may vary and there is a wide and rich field to select from. Choice of mate is restricted and there is abundant reason to believe that the demand is always far in excess of the supply. Thus it follows that one of the most frequent causes of combat—and hence of death—among coatis is sex rivalry. It might be thought that since only the males fight they alone would suffer, but, as the following incident shows, the female may also be the victim.

Drayton, inconsolable and ever seeking to fill the place in his affections made vacant by Tudy's desertion, had caught, about six months before, a

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young female coati. Although only a few weeks old at the time of her capture, she never ceased to resent it. In vain she was wooed with kind words, gentle treatment, and a variety of food. Every advance was repelled; she would have none of us. It was coati, not human, association she craved. An ailing male of about her own age that Drayton found near the laboratory and brought in to care for was greeted with evidences of joy. The afflicted little stranger died during the night, and in the morning she was found nestling against its dead body.

Admitting defeat, Drayton determined that "Billie," as he called her, should no longer be deprived of congenial companionship. So he released her and with snickers of delight she at once went to one of our male visitors. He was not very cordial at first, but eventually they became friends.

One evening, as we were at supper, she was playing near him when we saw another male leave the forest and come up the hill through the narrow clearing toward them. As soon as he saw Billie he rushed at her. The home male defended; there was a confusion of bodies and cries and, within thirty seconds, the invader left, bearing Billie in his mouth. Drayton ran to the rescue, the overburdened captor dropped his victim, and Drayton brought her home in his doubled hands. Her back was broken, she was bleeding profusely, and died before we could give her chloroform.

Silently we returned to our meal, in the shadow of an almost human tragedy.

The University of Virginia

(I. M. THOMAS JEFFERSON)

By Lawrence Lee

He who conceived you lived upon a hill
And read the skies, the earth, good books, and men.
Of all this wisdom gathered to his will
He built that he might walk the world again.
They who have loved the earth have served it best;
He breathed its air, rode through Virginia mud,
Beheld the mornings, and her starry west,
A stallion's zest for being in his blood.

Now autumns blow red leaves across his grave,
The crocus finds his mountain perch in spring;
Yet, though he feels no changing season near,
He stirs among these captured dreams that save:
Endless shall be for him awakening
In the unsaddled young who pasture here.

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In His Own Country

BY MORLEY CALLAGHAN
Author of "Strange Fugitive," etc.

FLORA was happy living with her husband in The Georgian Bay town until he told her that he had read about St. Thomas Aquinas being the superman of the Middle Ages, and that he believed some one to-day might become just as important, only instead of working with philosophy and theology, as St. Thomas did, he would have to concern himself with religion and science and organize all learning to discover a plan and a system. Flora was interested at first and Bill worked very hard, reading a good deal, groping his way. One day he went down to St. Michael's College, where they taught scholastic philosophy, to explain his plan to some philosopher, but he got nervous and merely walked around the college, and then took the next train home. After that Flora had a poor opinion of his notions, and thought he was a fool to go on working so hard, even neglecting his meals and certainly not paying much attention to her. She was a young woman, expecting some attention, so she became friendly with Pete, a big fellow around town who never worked hard. For a long time she was simply friendly with him, then she began to regard a walk with him as an adventure.

She felt that she was entirely separated from Bill. He worked up-stairs till his eyes ached. He grew very thin. He never shaved. He muttered to himself, went out alone, and forgot to come home for meals. Pete came to see Flora one evening after Bill had gone out. He had hardly begun to make love to her when Bill came home, stared at them, shook his head awkwardly, and walked right out again. She heard his footsteps on the veranda. She thought it likely that he had gone to his mother's house and followed him, but he wasn't there, and she hurried over to the railroad station. She became confused and nervous when she could not find him and kept on walking out of the town, all the way up her father's farm. Her parents sympathized with her, agreeing that she should not be expected to go on living with such a man. She was getting accustomed to living with her parents on the farm when she read in the town paper that Bill had been found in a park in the city, very sick and out of his mind. The doctors thought he would die but his mother insisted she would nurse him in his own home.

Flora heard many interesting stories from farm girls who went into town to see Bill. He never spoke or opened his mouth, and sat all day in a chair, and children and men and women went to look at him. His mother had to feed him. This new life of his made him so important in the town that Flora envied his mother, who nursed him.

IX

EARLY in March she thought of going into town some night and peeping in the window at Bill. Slowly, she must go slowly, she would look in the back window and see him sitting in his chair; no one else would be there; she would not have to talk to him or the old lady. Other people, not even her mother, would know that she had seen him, for he no longer was her husband, but a strange man, who sat all day in a chair without opening his mouth.

At the end of March there was a thaw. The first weeks in April were warm, with a little rain that took the last snow from the fields. The roads were muddy, though they could use the Ford; the sound of running water came from streams in the hills. She drove into town with her father at the end of the second week in April. Her father

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got out at the flour-and-feed store and left her sitting in the car. Her father had his hand on the door-knob when she called to him that she would go and see some neighbors and meet him later, at four o'clock, opposite the town hall. Surprised, he opened his mouth, shrugged his shoulders, and went into the store. She walked south as far as the station and began to cross the tracks to the path on the field by the water-tower. Halfway across the field she stood still, nervous and hesitant. The strong sun and the clear day and the green tints underneath the dun-colored grass gave her assurance. She looked toward the house. The shade on the front window was raised. The veranda was clean. The lawn, drab and dirty after winter snow, held a strip of ice the sun could not reach, close to the base of the veranda.

Slowly she walked on the path, and at the iron gate her fingers fumbled with the catch; the gate, released, swung away from her, her eyes following it anxiously, waiting for the swing toward her, as though the movement away from her held some personal rebuff. Smiling to herself, she walked as far as the front veranda, then hesitated, feeling that she ought to rap on the door, and angry with herself for being embarrassed. It made her uncomfortable to think of entering her own house. She compromised and went around the side entrance to the back door, because she knew that if she went up the front steps she would rap on the front door. She walked quietly along the alleyway.

Standing on the second step of the back porch, leaning to the left, she could see into the kitchen. New white lace curtains were on the kitchen window. Almost off balance she peered through the window and saw Bill sitting in an armchair at the end of the kitchen table. She knew that it was Bill, though he resembled no one she had ever known, with his beard long and black, cut squarely and awkwardly, and the old pair of pants, and white shirt open at the throat. Trembling, she sat down slowly on the step. Thoughts of Bill were confusing because she saw only a strange man in the chair. "Now I've seen him, I'll go away," she murmured, and got up, but couldn't move away from the steps. Tentatively, she reached out to touch the door-knob. Her mouth opened a little; she was hardly breathing. She twisted the knob, opening the door two inches. Quickly she closed it again, rubbing the tips of her fingers together.

Again she turned to leave the back yard and go home, but her right hand reaching out, turned the knob and opened the door wide. Believing that she was leaning back, treading cautiously, she tiptoed on the kitchen floor toward Bill. His head, turned away from the door, did not move. She stood three paces away from him, regarding him intently, and when he did not move, she glanced quickly around the room. The kitchen oilcloth on the floor was clean and freshly washed. She moved closer to him, craning her neck to see his face, putting out her right foot gradually, taking the long step deliberately, prepared to lower her eyes when he turned. He didn't hear her. Uneasily she put the palm of her hand over her mouth, ready to run out of the room suddenly. Instead, she bent down, extended her arm, and with the tips of her fingers touched his knee. His head moved slowly, she withdrew her hand, imagining that she was smiling nicely. She stepped back a pace, watching his head moving. Steadily he regarded her, without knowing her, and

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she knew that she had become simply another object in the room, one with the stove, the sink, the table. She felt helpless and unimportant.

"How are you feeling, Bill?" she asked, hoping no one had heard.

Softly she said, "Bill, Bill, Bill," but he paid no attention. More confidently she moved closer to him and touched his shoulder, then she touched his knee. Listening carefully, she put the palm of her left hand flat on the table and bent toward him, her mouth opening as her right hand touched his beard, crisp and dark. Her fingers passed through the hair, her arm trembling as she watched him.

At first she had been timid, like a little girl, now she breathed easily, ready to talk to him as though he were a child. "He knows I'm here, that's one thing he can't fool me about," she thought. She remembered that Gardner, the grocer, had insisted that Bill had many thoughts about people though he sat in the chair like a paralytic. Such a notion made her feel uncomfortable, and she moved away, afraid that he might be thinking of the night she had sat on the sofa in the front room with Pete Hastings. "Well, now, Bill," she said quietly and firmly, liking the sound of it, "well, now, Bill." That was the way she would have talked to him before he got sick and he would have listened good-naturedly. Now he remained aloof and solemn, his face white and thin, absolutely uninterested in her. She was impressed and knew she could not talk authoritatively. He was far beyond her, she could not touch him.

She sat down on a chair in front of the kitchen stove. A fire was in the stove, though it was early spring, and red coals were in the open grate—a bright charcoal fire to warm the house and keep the kettle boiling. She avoided looking at him. She stared at the red coals in the grate, determined to get used to the feeling that he was in the room, watching her. Her head kept turning toward him, but her eyes were averted. Realizing that it was like a game gave her more assurance.

She even pretended that he wasn't in the room and got up to look at herself in the mirror beside the window. Her cheeks were flushed, her brooch too high on her throat. Deliberately she unfastened the brooch to show more of her throat and breasts than she had ever shown walking in the street, or even when dressed in the house. The two-year-old spring coat she had on was faded and a little tight, so she took it off, tossing it over a chair. Paying no attention to Bill, she bent over the chair, taking her purse from the coat-pocket, then her powder-puff and lipstick from the purse. Her hand was trembling and she applied the lipstick unevenly, her face close to the mirror, her little finger wiping the lower lip, straightening the line. In the mirror she could see him, just the side of his head, and imagined he was watching her, and hoped he would not see that she was excited.

She was satisfied with her image, smiled, and turned, walking toward him. "Poor Bill," she said. More at home now, she repeated: "Poor Bill, isn't this the limit," and leaned over him, knowing that her shoulder and breast were very white and hoping that his eyes would drop to the hollow under the brooch. She didn't expect him to speak to her, but it was essential he should notice that she was bending over him. Any recognition of her, as a woman, would have satisfied her. His chin remained at the same angle, his head did not move. Straightening up abrupt-

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ly, she sneered, then suddenly slapped him on the knee. Terrified at having struck him, she took two steps backward, her hand over her mouth.

"Poor Bill," she said sympathetically. Moving back to the table, she began to talk eagerly. "I went away, Bill, because I couldn't stand it; not because I had anything really against you, and you weren't interested in me, and I was left alone. That was the way it was with me, Bill."

She bent her head back, observing him closely. He was looking at her, the same indifferent expression in his eyes. She had talked to him and he had moved his head. Encouraged, she talked more excitedly, her hand at first just touching his beard, then stroking through it as she talked.

"It's terrible to have to go in and out all day by yourself, Bill. We were living together and I had only my own thoughts. A woman that's my age and only married 'bout two years shouldn't never be left like that. She gets thinking and things get all mixed up and it never does her any good. But wasn't I silly to be afraid of you?"

Some movement of objection ought to have come from him, and she watched his eyes. She had found it so easy to say she had been afraid of him that she believed it. Then she saw that he was really looking beyond her at the window. Discouraged, she went on talking, sure, now, that nothing she could say would ever interest him, though convinced he could hear her. Words or sounds would never interest him. Slowly and awkwardly she talked and the sound of her own voice saddened her. She turned away.

She sat on the chair by the stove. Some one was moving in the parlor, the sofa creaking. Slippers dragged and flopped along the floor; Bill's mother came into the kitchen, the hem at the back of her dress dragging on the floor.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she said, pulling up her dress.

"Yes, it's me."

"I thought I heard some one out here, but I was half asleep, though I thought I'd better come out." She was tidying her hair. She had on a black dress with large gray dots.

"I wanted to see Bill," Flora said apologetically.

"When was that?"

"To-day; I wanted to get a look at him."

"I don't suppose there's any harm in it."

"There's no harm in it, and I shouldn't have to explain that I wanted to see Bill."

"Neither you should."

Flora glanced at the clock; twenty minutes to four. "I got to go now," she said. "I got to meet pa in front of the town hall at four o'clock."

"Well, good-by, Flora."

"Of course I'll come back to-morrow. Maybe I ought to nurse Bill."

"Bill's got along all right so far."

"Now you're not sayin' it wouldn't be best for his own wife to nurse him."

"It's not nursin' he wants. He's just that way. He may get better, he may not. Some one has to look after him, though. If you fancied it, why didn't you do it long ago?"

"Now don't you go on talking like that; you know well I was scared of him."

"Maybe you were and maybe you weren't, but there's not many who'd be scared of the likes of Bill now."

"I got to go now, but I'll be back to-morrow."

"It won't do Bill any good; you best keep away."

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"It won't harm him, and I guess I can come into my own house, anyway."

"Maybe you can; you didn't knock to-day, anyway."

"I can't fight about it now, I got to go."

X

On the way home she told her father she had decided to live with Bill because it was her duty to be with him and nurse him. Crops had not been good last fall, so her father did not object to her going away. After tea she walked by herself, looking forward eagerly to leaving the farm and the stables and the family odor of the house. Her shoes got muddy. She sat down, scraping the soles with a twig, talking to herself and having much the better of an imaginary argument with old Mrs. Lawson; she gave Bill's mother a bad setting-out, supplying her remarks and her own caustic answers. Darkness came early. The sky was clouded and no birds were singing. She got up and walked home rapidly. Uninteresting details of her life in the town in the old days now seemed important and she looked forward to having long conversations with Dolly Knox and Mrs. Fulton. Neighbors, stopping her on the street, would ask about Bill. After teaching her how to feed Bill, the old lady would go and live in her cottage.

At breakfast next morning she talked quietly to her father and mother, assuming a new dignity and a detached importance as she explained she could earn a good living dressmaking. Last night she had washed a pair of silk stockings and a pink silk waist that she had never worn on the farm. Her hips were a little wider, her face fuller, than a year ago. She wore a new girdle and garters to hold her stockings up tightly and keep her legs neat and smooth. Humming, she put on her hat, as though expecting to be very happy on a long journey.

Her father drove her into town and to the house. Before getting out of the car, she coaxed him to go as far as the door with her, fearing, at the last moment, that the old lady would be nasty when she opened the door. Her father shook his head and would not get out of the car. She opened the gate. The lawn looked fresher this morning, there was more sunlight. The cinder path was firm underfoot. Two women she could not recognize without staring were on the other side of the street. Mrs. Fulton's front door opened two or three inches. Flora, carrying her suitcase, climbed the veranda steps, determined that nothing the old lady might say would induce her to go away until after dark.

Bill's mother, opening the door, said: "I'd an idea you'd come, but I didn't think you'd be along so early." She added, as Flora lowered the suitcase to the floor: "Doin' a lot of shoppin' in town?"

"No, my clothes are in that bag."

"Movin'? Goin' away some place?"

"You know very well I'm not. I'm comin' to stay here."

Disregarding her entirely, Flora went through to the kitchen, taking off her gloves and coat. Bill was in the armchair beside the window. A basin of water, a cake of soap, and a towel were on the table, and his hair was damp. His forehead was clean and shiny and his hair uncombed. Shyly Flora half turned, looking toward his mother, then took a comb from her purse and began to part his hair, her hand trembling at first because he was so helpless she wanted to cry. She parted his hair carefully, neatly, liking the white line of the part.

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"Don't you know me, Bill?" she asked.

"Don't do that," his mother said behind her.

"Don't do what?"

"Comb his hair like that."

"Why shouldn't I do it?" Flora said angrily.

"Don't do it, do you hear me? No one else has done it but me since he got sick. You're a wicked, silly woman and ought to go away at once and leave my son alone."

"I'm not wicked."

"Well, you're silly, anyway."

"And I'm not silly. I guess I can comb my own husband's hair, can't I?"

"He might have died for all you cared."

"Please, Mrs. Lawson, please don't talk to me like that; I just want to be with Bill."

"You don't, you don't, you know you don't, you just want to have him here."

"Get away out of here, you evil old woman. Or shut up, do you hear? Shut up, or I'll shake you."

Bill's mother, moaning softly, went into the parlor. Flora heard the moaning and the springs sagging in the sofa. "Stop it, do you hear, or you'll drive me frantic," she yelled. The old woman kept on moaning. Flora went on combing Bill's hair, her whole body trembling, and certain he had not noticed that she had been quarrelling with his mother. "There you are now, Bill. You look as nice as you ever did," she said. She put the comb back in her purse, glanced aimlessly around the kitchen, then opened the back door to go out and sit down in the fresh air, for her legs were weak. Her lips were dry. She got a cup of water from the pump.

The grass on the back lawn was dry and long, green in spots. A clothes-basket, upside down, lay on the grass. Alongside the base of the fence stalks of last year's flowers were pressed against the earth. Next month would be lilac-time, and already the bush was tipped with yellow-green buds. This year she would have a big vegetable-garden as well as flowers, since Bill would not be working. A great many people would come to the house to see Bill, or bring material for dressmaking, and she would show them the garden and the flowers—tall pink-and-white hollyhocks at the back of the yard, splendid in the evening at sunset. Bill had never cared much for flowers, mainly because of his steady serious thoughts. She heard Mrs. Fulton opening her back door and got up quickly to go into the house, not ready to talk to her yet.

The old lady, who was feeding Bill, did not glance at Flora when she came in. In one hand she had a big spoon and in the other hand a bowl of some kind of soup. Bill's head was tilted far back, the neck resting on the back of the chair. His mother, putting the spoon firmly against his teeth, barely parted his jaws and poured the soup down his throat. Flora, leaning forward, her lower lip hanging, held her breath, her eyes following the spoon to the bowl and then to his teeth.

"Let me do it?" she whispered.

"Please move away, or sit down some place."

Flora sat down at the other end of the table. The old woman fed Bill. Suddenly she said: "I used to have to feed him with a tube through his nose; how would you have liked that?"

"It's awful, and maybe I couldn't have done it."

"They didn't think anybody would do it."

"Everybody says it was wonderful the things you done."

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"Hmmmmmm."

Then old Mrs. Lawson put dishes on the table and set a place for Flora. They had lunch together. They weren't friendly, but Flora, very hungry, ate rapidly. Afterward she put all the dishes in a basin and washed and dried them herself. She cleaned the table while Bill's mother was out in the yard.

It rained early in the afternoon: the falling rain saddened her and she went up-stairs and lay down on the bed and started to cry. She powdered her eyelids and came down-stairs and said she would appreciate it if they could be friendly because she only wanted to stay in the house with Bill. His mother, shrugging her shoulders, said: "Where were you counting upon sleeping? With your husband?" Flora dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief, and Bill's mother said: "Oh, well, I suppose it's your house."

"Can't we both stay in the house? What's the matter with that?"

"That's what we'll have to do, I suppose," she said gruffly. Flora knew that she was pleased.

Feeling much better, Flora went out and sat on the front veranda, prepared to talk with any one who might pass along the street. Though the rain had stopped, the sky was slate-colored, and no one came along the cinder path. Soon many people would know that she had come back, and anxiously she thought of talking with Dolly and Curly Knox, wondering if Dolly would be friendly. She felt restless and got up, walking slowly down the front path to the iron gate, resting her elbows on the cold metal. Then she opened the gate and walked along the cinder path toward Dolly's place. Dolly must have seen her coming, for she came out on the veranda and waved excitedly, then ran down the steps and along the path to fling her arms around Flora's neck and kiss her.

"I'm just taking a little walk; I got to get right back," Flora said.

"We were over to see Bill last night, Curly and me; ain't he wonderful?"

Dolly asked many questions very rapidly and was impressed when Flora told her she had come home to nurse Bill. Dolly said very simply and honestly that Bill was in many ways the most interesting man that had ever lived in the town. That was what Curly said, and later on everybody in the whole country would agree with him. Flora said modestly that both Dolly and Curly would be always welcome in her house, and then she told her about the plan to do dressmaking for a living, and Dolly was enthusiastic. So they walked back to Flora's together, arm in arm. Dolly, giggling eagerly, told her that now nearly everybody knew that Mr. Starr was carrying on with the Gibson woman that lived in the cottage down near the water-works by the bay. Dolly looked a bit sloppy, and ought to have been wearing a good pair of corsets, but her face was fresh and her hair had just been washed. They stood at the gate, Flora glancing around slyly to see if any one passing on the street noticed her, and Dolly told how Curly had followed Mr. Starr one night to Mrs. Gibson's place and had waited around for three hours before Mr. Starr came out, and all the time there didn't seem to be a light in the house. Mr. Starr had lots of money and Gibsons were very poor, but it was a shame that Mr. Gibson pretended to know nothing about it. No one had much sympathy for Mrs. Starr, because she was a very difficult woman. Flora said that sooner or later some one would complain to the con-

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stable, and added that she had to go in at once and feed Bill. She promised Dolly to visit her the following night and have a game of five-hundred.

Just before supper-time she did learn how to feed Bill and give him water to drink. Afterward she felt happy. The sun came out to shine brilliantly just before setting. Some kids from down the road came to the back door, asking could they see Bill. Flora sat down on a chair, hooking her heels on a rung, watching a kid with a dirty face and a pair of suspenders over a sleeveless sweater walk over to Bill and touch his leg. The three kids touched him, made faces at him, and laughed. Flora was indignant and got up to tell the kids to go home, but the old lady, who was putting some charcoal on the fire, then poking at the grate, said that Bill didn't mind it and the children liked it. Flora took the kettle off the stove to pour hot water over the supper-dishes in the sink. Out of the corner of her eye she watched one of the kids climbing onto Bill's knee till he could reach his face and rub his small hand through Bill's beard, tickling his chin. Suddenly Flora heard a laugh, a slow chuckle from Bill. The kettle dropped from her hand into the sink. The old lady sat up straight, lurched forward, recovered her balance, then hobbled across the floor. Two of the kids began to cry and they all ran out the back door.

"He laughed," Flora said.

"Oh, my God, glory be to God, he laughed."

Flora stroked Bill's beard eagerly, muttering in his ear, and even shook his head, but he was not interested. His mother was kneeling on the floor, praying sincerely, her lips moving rapidly. She noticed Flora and said, "Go tell Doctor Arnold," then went on praying.

Flora hurried out the front door. On the other side of the street she saw Mrs. English, from the west side of the town, whom she hardly knew, walking slowly. "Bill laughed out loud," Flora called to her. Mrs. English spun round sharply, then watched Flora hurrying along the path, her hand over her mouth. Pools of water were on the cinder path where cinders had worn away. Flora zigzagged along the path, avoiding the puddles. At the corner she was glad to see Mrs. Starr on her veranda. A wide stretch of lawn was between Flora and Mrs. Starr, but Flora, cupping her hands, yelled: "Oh, Mrs. Starr."

Mrs. Starr bowed, but Flora couldn't hear what she said. Flora yelled again: "Bill laughed out loud. He really did." This time she heard Mrs. Starr yell, as she stood up suddenly: "You don't say." Mrs. Starr came down the steps, but Flora was too far along the street.

Doctor Arnold, a stout man with a boyish face and a bald head, was playing catch with his two boys on the sidewalk in front of his house. Flora grabbed him by the arm and told him that Bill had laughed out loud. He examined the stitches on the baseball in his hand, tossed the ball in the air, caught it, then dropped it on the sidewalk. He said: "Isn't that odd. It's odd, very odd, isn't it odd. I'll come right along with you now, Mrs. Lawson."

Walking with Flora he explained that if Bill had laughed, he might just as well talk some day. It might be a long time before he spoke to any one, but it was possible. Anything was possible. He had never been able to understand Bill's condition, though he supposed he was simply out of his mind. People in town suffering from nervous diseases had gone down to the asylum at Whitby and in a few years, or in a

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month or two, had become normal again. So there was always something to look forward to.

In the kitchen old Mrs. Lawson sat beside Bill, her hand on his shoulder, but he remained motionless and indifferent. The old lady got up quickly when the doctor came in. The doctor looked at Bill's eyes, shrugged his shoulders, looked at the eyes again, and said that he was looking well, though apparently he hadn't changed much. Still, if he had laughed, he had laughed.

Bill's mother wanted to argue with the doctor, who remained good-humored, talked genially till he got to the front door, then he shook hands with her. The old woman came back to the kitchen, and Flora, standing in the hall, heard the doctor talking to Mrs. Fulton, next door.

Then Mrs. Fulton came in and shook hands warmly with Flora and asked if she could see Bill for a minute or two; she had just heard that he had laughed out loud. She had thought, at first, that she could only stay a minute, but she sat down for a long talk.

Later in the evening Mrs. McGuin, Dolly Knox, and Mrs. Starr came in and they all sat down, very friendly and curious. Dolly Knox got up and touched Bill's forehead with the palm of her hand, then the other women touched him, but he did not laugh again. Flora put a linen table-cloth on the kitchen table and got out the good spoons and made some tea while the old lady answered many questions. Flora was considerate of her mother-in-law, who brought in a cake from the sideboard. Some of the questions Flora answered importantly.

At ten o'clock Mrs. Starr got up to go home and met Johnny Williams coming in the front door, so she decided to stay a minute longer. Johnny was limping a little and had a bad cold. He kept blowing his nose. In every pocket he had a clean handkerchief. He said that *The Standard* wouldn't be out, fortunately, for two days, and he'd have something worth while to say about Bill. Flora talked happily and Mr. Williams said that he would have come to see her, anyway. Very seriously Johnny talked to Bill, bending over him, touching his chin, twisting his ear, and everybody watched eagerly, but Bill was not interested. "He's a wonder," Johnny said, straightening up.

They talked casually now, and old Mrs. Lawson who was very tired yawned twice. Everybody assured her she was tired, and they all went out together. Still yawning, the old woman said she might as well show Flora how to undress Bill. "It's not hard to undress him, and when he's sleepy, he goes to bed easily," she said. "He's not really paralyzed. People around here seem to think his legs and body is made of stone from his grandfather's quarry. It's his mind that's wrong."

They undressed him together and put him to bed in the front room. Flora said she would sleep on the sofa, in the same room.

The old woman went up-stairs, a lamp in her hand, and Flora, undressing slowly in the front room, wondered if Bill, lying awake on the bed, could see her. His eyes were open: he was looking up at the ceiling. Before putting on her nightgown, she bent over him to kiss his forehead. His eyes followed her, but he didn't move his head. She turned out the light and lay down on the sofa, shifting her body close to the wall, so she would not fall off in the night. Her eyes remained wide open and she couldn't go to sleep. It was quiet outside. Listen-

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ing carefully she heard wind in the leaves on the trees. A screen was in the window, the shade raised a foot. She heard footfalls crunching on the cinder path, a steady long stride and a firm crunch opposite the house, now farther down the street till she could no longer follow it. It was nearly eleven o'clock and the footfalls were Henry Longman's, who worked in Eggleston's butcher-store, that kept open till a quarter to eleven. Every night his footfalls passed the window at this time and she knew the slow, easy, swinging stride. She lay there listening, wondering if he had passed the house every night at the same hour while she was away. In a half-hour Mr. McGuin would come along the cinder path, walking with his quick, jerky stride, as though determined to get home ahead of time, the soles of his feet scraping on the cinders. She was wide awake, waiting for Mr. McGuin to pass. Later on, if any one else passed the house, she would not be able to recognize the stride and would wonder who it was. Many pictures and thoughts were in her head, and she even imagined she could hear Bill chuckling again. Many women had come to the house to see her and Bill and had talked to her respectfully—one of the most interesting women in town. She breathed lightly, closing her eyes peacefully, and heard Bill breathing steadily. She turned over on her side to make out the shape of his head on the pillow. The sofa was not very comfortable. His head, alone on the pillow, suggested an exciting idea that made her feel weak. She ought to get into bed beside Bill, put her arm around him, the warmth of her body arousing him so he would put his arm around her. She resisted the thought, her whole body sweating till she tossed off the covers. She shivered, and knew she was too restless to go to sleep. She got up and lit the lamp.

First she went into the kitchen and opened all the cupboard drawers, casually counting plates and cups. Then she thought of going up-stairs to the sewing-room and reading parts from the books that had interested Bill. Holding the lamp over her head, she climbed upstairs and turned into the sewing-room. The machine was there, but no chair, no pile of books. The room had been cleaned and there wasn't a piece of paper in the machine drawers. The window was open a few inches and a light breeze made the lamp smoke, darkening the glass at the top. She picked up the lamp and went into her mother-in-law's room.

The old woman sat up in bed. "Who's there? Is that you, Flora?"

"I was going to look at Bill's papers and books. Where are they?"

"Where are they? I cursed them and burned the last one of them. It was them that took away his mind."

Flora could find no words. The lamp tilted, the flame burned at an angle. The old woman's lips were twitching, and one hand touched the nightgown buttoned high on her throat.

Flora turned away and went downstairs to the front room. She blew out the light and lay down on the sofa again. Now she had so many things to think of, she assured herself she would remain wide awake until Mr. McGuin passed on the cinder path; but suddenly she felt very tired and fell asleep.

XI

So she lived contentedly in the May and June months, and many neighbors brought material for dresses to her, and

(Continued on page 364 of this number.)

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Hedge-Hoppers

AVIATOR'S HOLIDAY BY AN AMERICAN FLIER

BY JOHN J. NILES
Author of "Singing Soldiers"

NOWADAYS veteran aviators look back very fondly to the flying they did in the war. Somehow those days were the halcyon days—the days of irresponsible aviation—the days of many planes and many mechanics and a bountiful Uncle Sam to pay the reckoning. We were younger then, the average age of Air Service men in 1917 being from twenty to twenty-five, with a much greater percentage of twenties.

We did our work in spurts. We flew as often as the weather was good and that was about two days out of three. The non-flying days were spent in gaming, visiting, "grousing" at the bad weather, and relaxing from the strain of flying.

From the very beginning we had been fascinated by dangerous flying-feats. There was a standing purse among some of our boys for the first man to fly through the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. None of our outfit tried it, but a Frenchman did it one day, and the news got around in spite of the censorship of the Paris press. It seemed that the French authorities were trying to discourage daredeviling within the corporate limits of the city of Paris. But one fine day a Frenchman landed a Caudron on the roof of the Galeries Lafayette. The Galeries Lafayette is a department store right in the very middle of Paris. The pilot was arrested, but he didn't mind, as he had won a very handsome wager.

Up to this time about the only thing our particular outfit had achieved was some rather spectacular hedge-hopping. Hedge-hopping was a term given to a kind of flying where the planes skim the tops of trees and hedges, zooming buildings, telephone lines, bridges, and smoke-stacks, at an average speed of one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour. The casualty list among the hedge-hoppers was high—too high, when there was a war to fight. But, in spite of the orders from Aviation Headquarters, hedge-hopping continued.

In September, 1918, not far from one of our air-fields, an American pilot discovered a line of wires transmitting high-tension electricity. The wires were not more than seventy-five feet from the ground in one place, where the fortunate existence of some small shrubs and bushes made a very interesting natural hazard.

Bets were made and the boys began to dive for the opening formed by the high-tension line on top and the trees on the sides and bottom. One man got through O. K. But the second had motor trouble just before he reached the trees. He couldn't stop. He was too near the ground to risk a turn with a dead motor, and if he had made the opening between the wires and the trees he would have gone head on into a mess of lower telephone lines just beyond. So he bravely crashed into the trees. The

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plane was a complete washout, but the pilot lived—he limps a little to this day. You see, we were young in 1918 and didn't expect to come back anyhow. But our commanding officer got wind of the "wire-jumpers" (as they were later called) and promised the "jail-house" for any more such performances.

We lay low all through September and part of October, making the war the best way we could, burying a man now and then and marking off the others we couldn't find after they fell. Some of our personnel were sent over to England to fly Camels. And any of you folks who have ever flown a Sopwith Camel airplane will know what I mean when I say that the Camel is a tricky flying-machine. Among other unique accessories it had a wind-operated gasoline-pump that went out of action every so often and then the pilot had to fly with one hand and pump gasoline with the other. Pretty soon the pilot would forget which hand was pumping and do some rare flying until he corrected himself.

It was one of our Camel pilots named Hawkins—a wild flying Southerner from Alabama—who afforded us the neatest attempt at daredevil flying we ever witnessed. Hawkins had an almost perfect flying-record. He hadn't crashed a single ship as a student, and since that time his percentage of success had been very high. But he was a daredevil—a daredevil with luck—the kind of fellow who seemed to have an intuitive sense of speed. He knew when to get a plane down on the ground. He knew his ground, too! For, out of many months of cross-country flying, he had never been lost.

There is a bridge across the Seine at the little city of Choisy-le-Roi. (Next time you're in France look it up—you'll see that I'm telling you the truth.) We discovered by actual measurement that between the under edge of the main arch of the Choisy bridge and the average surface of the river there was enough room to fly a Camel airplane, with two and one-half feet of clearance vertically and fifteen feet horizontally. Two and one-half feet doesn't sound like much, but it's enough and, if it's properly placed, might come in very handy.

After that we spent a considerable part of our nights planning the bridge-diving stunt. We got on with the war in the daytime whenever there was weather, and that wasn't very often in the fall of 1918. But we couldn't be blamed for clouds and fog and rain, although many a dough-boy wonders to this day why there weren't more airplanes on the job during the three phases of the battle of the Argonne.

One evening (it was about the middle of October then) a committee of us measured the bridge-span at Choisy-le-Roi for the last time. The dive was to be tried next morning. A lad named Miller had agreed to go first and Hawkins was billed as the second entrant. It had rained for three days, but the visibility on the ground was good enough to serve our purpose.

Next morning Miller and Hawkins were ready. Their Camels had been all gone over. They were in perfect condition, as far as the mechanics could tell. The preparations had been made very quietly, as we remembered the trouble we so nearly got into over the high-tension line-diving. Only four mechanics and six pilots knew anything about the plan.

We shook hands with Miller. He jumped into his plane. A mechanic

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gave the prop a twist. Two others pulled away the blocks, and the Camel was in the air. Miller's motor was humming along beautifully. The low visibility kept him rather close to the ground. But he flew around until we had time to get over the bridge. Finally, we saw him heading for the river. He flew over once to look at the lay of the land, and then gave us a wiggle of his wings as a signal that he was ready to dive.

Down the river he came—his motor wide-open! Suddenly there was a splutter in his exhaust. Something had happened to his engine! There was a moment of indecision. Then he zoomed up off the surface of the river and limped into a near-by field, with his engine coughing and missing like a one-lunger. He made a good landing, though, and a few minutes later we reached his plane. He had gotten out and was smoking a cigarette. His wind-operated gas-pump had cut out. He didn't think it "safe" to try diving the bridge-arch while pumping gasoline. Flying a Camel with one hand and pumping gasoline with the other produced a kind of galloping goose motion not considered to be the best thing for stunt flying. One had to have one's mind on flying—not pumping! He said we could count him out now! He'd had enough bridge-arches for one war.

Presently we heard the hum of another motor. We knew at once it was Hawkins, and all of us, including Miller, hurried back to the river. We were considerably more excited over Hawkins than we had been about Miller. Perhaps it took one failure to warm us up to the situation. Instead of standing on the bank, we went up onto the bridge, where we could get a close-up of what was happening—see the thing from a ringside seat, as 'twere.

Hawkins circled the bridge twice and, being assured that it was still there and the witnesses were too, he wiggled his wings and went down-stream for the final trial. There was practically no wind that morning, so the chances of a side-slip (that is, a horizontal movement that would crash him into the sides of the arch) were small. As soon as he got his direction he put his plane as near the water as he could. As a matter of fact, the wheels of his landing-gear were in the water. We could see a suggestion of faint ripples following in the wake of his plane.

It was a beautiful picture—that Camel skimming along the water like some great allegorical bird cruising for its breakfast. The gallery took a tighter grip on the hand-rail before them and scarcely breathed. It would be a matter of only a few seconds now. It would be either make the arch or crash! Visions of what might happen if he misjudged the slightest bit passed before us. A "spruce and canvas express-train" crashed into the stone arches of a French bridge! Later the demolished plane floating down the river! Hawkins's body being fished out by some French boatmen! The local authorities in Choisy-le-Roi would get into it. There would be an investigation. Flying-commissions would be revoked. What a bunch of fools we were to try it, anyhow!

At the last possible moment everything went wrong! We could almost see the whites in Hawkins's eyes as he pulled his controls back into his stomach and zoomed his plane off of the river in a furious attempt to clear the bridge. His motor was going like a million. There was no reason for what had happened, as far as we could tell, except pure last-minute loss of nerve.

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As the plane shot up into the air, we had a fleeting glance at its oil-bespattered underneath. The circles of red, white, and blue stood out before us like huge bull's-eyes. We had never had a chance to see the bottom of a Camel airplane up so closely—and most of us didn't care to see another under exactly the same conditions. All of us later agreed that the next few seconds were weeks long. With the zoom Hawkins had pulled, considering his forward speed, the plane was thrown into an almost vertical climb. When he reached the top of the climb he began to settle a bit. Realizing this, he flattened out for an instant and tried to zoom again.

He had cleared the bridge! But the settling movement which followed his first zoom landed him directly in front of a latticed metal telephone-pole and a cross-arm strung with wires. Could he possibly raise his plane over this unforeseen obstruction or would it tip him over and land him in the river just beyond! There was a ripping sound. The metal telephone-pole rocked. Jangling wires fell about us. We dared not look up any longer. We had seen enough.

To our great surprise Hawkins's motor continued running. We knew he couldn't hang up there on the telephone-pole forever. When we looked again he had turned off the river and was heading for our field. He had withstood the shock! We wondered as he flew away if his undergear had been weakened so as eventually to crash in landing. We listened to his motor humming away until it was lost in the distance.

Not one of us had moved. Finally, Miller let out a long expiration of pent-up breath and the man standing beside him said: "Me too, soldier. Come on, let's clear out!" And we cleared as fast as we could without attracting any unnecessary attention.

Back at camp we found that Hawkins had used rare judgment in landing in a seldom-used part of the field. He had brought back a unique souvenir—a dozen strands of wire, varying in length from ten to fifty feet, all tangled around his landing-gear. We rolled the wire up as quickly as possible and disposed of it where we hoped no one would find it. Hawkins had very little to say at first. But after mess he told us what had happened.

As he approached the bridge he could see that there was not enough space for him to get through. We denied this—we had measured the distance the evening before. But later in the day we found our mistake. The past three days of rain had raised the stage of the river considerably. In fact, the Seine was two feet higher than it had been the night before, and some rivermen told us that since morning the water had receded a bit. The Seine, you know, is famous for sudden floods. We knew it at the time, but we didn't take it into consideration. An overnight rise in the river had taken up the two and one-half feet of clearance through which Hawkins had expected to fly his Camel.

At mess that evening we were told that an aviator doing some careless flying over the Choisy-le-Roi bridge had swept away the main lines of telephonic communications between Paris and the General Headquarters of the United States Army at Chaumont! Imagine our feelings! The guard-house! Court-martial! A dishonorable discharge from the United States Army! All these things stared us in the face.

We "pulled in our ears," as the ex-

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pression goes. We swore one another to secrecy. The next two weeks were uneasy ones. A rather elaborate investigation was carried on by some folks from Chaumont. We lay very low. We did what we were told to do and liked it! The investigators apparently discovered nothing. We believed our commanding officer had some suspicions, but to the very last day of our time in the A. E. F. nothing more was said of it. The fortunate existence of a secondary line of communications had prevented a very serious situation.

It might be added that bridge-diving at Choisy-le-Roi was not tried again!

The House of Her Fathers

BY MARY M. COLUM

In the bright American sunshine in which she was born and brought up, Grace Barrett had never conceived of a gloom like the gloom of this landscape—a gloom not depressive because of the bewildering beauty of the scenery and the bewildering shades of color upon everything—purples and blues, and browns and greens, and a thousand colors she could not name and had never seen before. Her father had described this country to her, had described every house and tree and stone wall, every peak of every mountain, every cloud of the sky, every wave of the sea; he had described the country so minutely that she could not recognize it, for what he had said to her had conveyed something to her imagination so different from the scene before her that she was more unprepared for it than she would have been if she had heard nothing about it at all. For her father had believed, had remembered, that the sun that shone here was the brightest of suns, that the mountain peaks were the highest that ever were, that the house he was born in was the grandest of houses, that the stock he sprang from was of a lineage so proud that few families could beat it—that he was of the highest of that high Milesian race that had produced the greatest epics, the noblest heroes, the most marvellous gods since the Greek.

After hours in the train that had brought her from Dublin she stepped out at the railway-station her father had told her of. The owner of a jaunting-car had offered her his services to take her where she wanted to go. But her father had so often told her of the pleasant short walk that led from the train to the house he was born in, that when he came from school or college he used to swing his bag on an ass-cart and walk gleefully home, getting in for tea or dinner without warning the household. She would do the same. She left her bag at the station, the station-master first addressing her in Irish, thinking she was some sort of inspector sent down by the new government, and then in English asking her if she were an American. On her answering that she was, he displayed a lively curiosity.

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"Have you any one belonging to you in these parts?" he asked.

"My father was born here."

"And what was his name?"

"James Barrett."

"Ah, Miss Barrett, Miss Barrett of Tirawley!"

He wrung her hand warmly and excitedly, until she felt that all else in life except that she was a Barrett of Tirawley faded into insignificance.

"I have come to see the house my father was born in," she said. "I hear it is for sale."

"For sale this many a year."

It was a little after two in the afternoon, yet the light was dim as it was only dim in America upon a dark day, but her eagerness to see the house of her fathers, now that she had got to this place, was very great. She walked out by the road the station-master pointed to her, and through the village—an old village built on a river that had the high, leaping falls her father had so often described, with oak-trees bending on each bank, the banks from which her father had fished in his boyhood. She passed the ruined abbey—an abbey that had been in ruins so many centuries that it dazzled her mind. For a moment she felt tempted to turn aside and look for the graves of her forefathers in the abbey graveyard, because her father had drawn their tombstones for her many times, with their names as they were carved on the stone, and their coat of arms with that animal, an enfield, never seen on land or sea, that had so delighted her childhood. The abbey was small in comparison with the great European cathedrals she had seen, but it was, perhaps, in proportion to the size of this island-country. Its arched windows thrilled her, and its isolation high up above the river, looking down on the river-falls where the salmon, she knew, leaped up on little ladders.

She walked on and on, and the road became longer and longer, and the little thatched cottages fewer and fewer, and yet no house that looked like the Barretts' came in view—no high gate, no long avenue of trees, tall trees with rooks cawing in their tops. She met a man walking with a dog and a cow and asked for the house.

"It's a good long mile yet, but there will be no welcome for you there, young lady. There's only a caretaker there—a cross woman."

She continued walking until a weariness and a sort of fear of the strange landscape entered her bones. Then suddenly, at a turn in the road, she saw the sea dashing against high rocks, and she knew that a few hundred yards beyond lay the avenue to the house. She paused hesitatingly and looked down at the sea beating the rocks. For generations and generations the family she came from had lived around this wild sea and fought here and struggled here, and their name was in history and in poems, for they had done strange deeds. The deed that was almost their undoing came to her mind in the verses that told of it:

"Scorney Bwee, the Barretts' baliff, lewd and lame,
To lift the Lynotts' taxes when he came,
Rudely drew a young maid to him—
Then the Lynotts rose and slew him,
And in Tubber-na-Scalta threw him—
Small your blame,
Sons of Wattin!
Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley!

Then the Barretts to the Lynotts gave this choice:
'Hear, ye murdering brood, both men and boys:
For this deed this day ye lose

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Sight or manhood—say and choose
And rejoice
That our mercy leaves you living in Tirawley!'"

This deed of vengeance and the long, long fight that had ensued had almost ended the Barretts. She mused until she came to the tall iron gates with their pillars in stone, and the two little gates on each side. Tremblingly she pushed open one of the little gates and entered the avenue. To the left was a lodge, dirty-looking and badly kept. A barefooted child and a woman drying her hands in her apron appeared.

"Is this the way to the Barretts' house?"

"Yes, but ne'er a Barrett is there. If you want to see Mr. Jack Barrett, he lives up the road in two laborer's cottages."

"The house is for sale?"

"Oh, if it's buying you are, the caretaker will show you the house."

The avenue that her father had told her was so long and wide and beautiful lay before her, narrow and muddy and neglected for so long that it looked like the laneway leading to some peasant's cottage. The trees were there, tall trees with the rooks cawing in their tops, but as she walked on she noticed that their roots were being smothered with brushwood and parasitic plants. Her feet sank in the mud of the avenue so deeply that she had difficulty in pulling her thin American shoes free from the slime that clung to them. She became so weary after a few minutes that she sank down on the dank grass at the side of the avenue and cried a little. Then she rose and trudged on once more. Very soon, because the avenue was really not long, she came face to face with the house, and her heart almost stopped beating. It was smaller than her father had told her, but so lovely, so incredibly lovely, that she shed tears once more. It seemed old—enormously old—to her American eyes. It was early eighteenth century, three stories high, with the windows of the third story not really windows, but closed up because of the window-tax—a window-tax, she thought, which perhaps had existed a hundred years ago, but nobody had ever since thought of opening them. The windows in the ground floor were enormous, some of them broken and badly patched. She knew the situation of the rooms—the large hall, the drawing-room, the dining-room, the coat-room, the library, and the room at the back where the men used to drink and play cards and keep their guns. Her father, she knew, as a boy had owned the room on the second floor at the back facing the mountains, whereas his elder brother, John, his sporting brother who had won the Grand National, had had a long room with windows facing both the sea and the mountains. He had loved the mountains but hated the sea, so when he became a man he had bought a sort of stained-glass paper and papered up the windows facing the sea.

She walked tremblingly to the door and rang a bell, diligently scraping her feet on the iron scraper as she waited for an answer, but none came. Then she raised the large knocker and executed three slow knocks, the echo of which seemed to be thrown terrifically back from the mountains behind. The door opened and a woman with tousled hair and dirty clothes appeared.

"The house is for sale," began Grace. "I want to see it."

The old woman motioned her in to a large square hallway which had a fireplace and two tables. On one of the tables was a pile of straw and a wooden

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box where eggs were either being packed or unpacked. Grace looked over the fireplace expectantly for the picture of the Barrett that Gilbert Stuart had painted during his sojourn in Ireland. It was not there, but all around the walls were marks of places where pictures had hung.

"What has become of the pictures?" she asked the old woman.

"I don't know. Ask Mr. Jack."

Unerringly she turned to the right, to the room she knew was the drawing-room. It was a very long room with windows on two sides. On the mantelpiece she noticed a couple of china figures before her mind took in any of the other details. Then she saw that there were numerous gold chairs solemnly arranged facing each other down the centre of the room, and a gold sofa with one leg gone. These and two little tables completed the furniture of the room.

She stood for a long time, her mind sunk in memories, until the old woman rather harshly invited her to look at the rest of the house. They entered the dining-room. There was nothing at all there except a couple of large boxes which she noticed contained potatoes; then her eye caught an animal's head nailed over the mantelpiece—a skeleton head. Ah, the elk's head that had been found in a bog and which her grandfather put there, so that his English guests, over for the hunting, would ask who had shot the animal. She wandered through the other rooms on the ground floor—they were all empty. Preceded by the old woman, she walked up the broad stairs and came into a corridor. She entered a long room which held but one object—a bed with testers and withered red curtains. Then, once more, a wrench came to her heart. Here were the windows looking toward the sea covered with bits of torn stained-glass paper—for over forty years covered with stained-glass paper, since long before she was born. The room she entered across the corridor she guessed to have been her father's, but the walls were dark, and the light outside was beginning to dim so that at first she thought that the room contained nothing at all. Then she saw the high desk her father used to stand at doing his lessons and writing his letters and where he kept his fishing-tackle—the only piece of furniture in the room. Gropingly, tearfully, she tried the lid and it opened. Inside were a few scraps of paper and a torn half of a sort of manuscript book with its leather cover still hanging on to it. The old woman brought in a lamp, and, taking the book over to it, she tried to read what was written in its pages. Disappointingly enough, it seemed to be only a ship's log-book, and was apparently the log of a ship that had been engaged in taking troops from Kingstown to the Crimea in the Crimean War. She put back the book and felt for the initials cut on the inside of the desk.

The old woman moved her out of the room, and she silently went through the other rooms, but declined to go up to the eerie third story where the false windows were. It was in a dreadful state of decay, this beautiful, lonely house of the Barretts, but in wandering through it, she seemed to recover some part of herself that had been missing, something profound and elemental that seeped into her from its walls and the remains of its furniture. She pulled herself together sufficiently to ask the old woman the price for which the house was for sale.

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"You will have to ask Mr. Jack Barrett."

"Who is Mr. Jack Barrett?"

"He is the owner."

Grace had never heard of him. The old woman gave the information that he lived in the laborer's cottages up the road, just beyond the avenue gates.

Grace passed down the stairs and out of the house. It was now too dark to see much, the short October afternoon having passed into the misty Irish twilight. Going down the avenue was even more melancholy than coming up, and a faint fear pervaded her until she got outside the gates and turned up in search of the cottages. A few yards away she saw two stone cottages, both brightly lighted. As she came up to them she saw that the half-door of one was opened wide. Inside a man was seated at a table covered with a red cloth, drinking tea and reading at the same time. She watched him hesitatingly for a moment, and then walked toward the door. He did not look up until she knocked, and then he peered out at her for some moments before making a movement. He rose to his feet and came toward her.

"You are Mr. Barrett?"

He inclined his head a little.

"I wanted to ask about your house which is for sale."

"Come in," he said politely.

He made no remarks about the house but offered her some tea. There was no tea in the teapot, and he rose and walked out, explaining that his housekeeper and his kitchen were in the cottage next door. In his absence she examined the room curiously. An open fire of turf burned on the hearth, the bare floor was of cement, but had a couple of little rugs scattered around; there were mahogany bookcases, and a mahogany wash-stand which did duty as a sideboard. The walls were crowded with pictures and photographs, with guns and riding-crops intermingled—a man's room, but cheerful and comfortable. She looked at the book he had left turned down on the table: it was in French—"La Fille d'une Ferme."

He returned followed by a stout elderly woman, who silently laid a place for her at the table and then left. Grace noticed as he came in with the housekeeper that he was dressed in riding-breeches and a sort of many-pocketed corduroy coat. He was very tall, and nobody she had ever seen before had looked in the least like him. He had a long, distinguished face, a close-clipped mustache, and an expression of extreme melancholy. She guessed him to be somewhere around thirty-five. She had never before seen a man pour out tea, and she watched him interestedly. After a few minutes' silence he began to speak.

"I don't want to deceive you about that house; it is not much of a purchase, but I will sell it cheap. I have no money to do anything with it, but I can't bear to see it fall into decay. I want to let you know it's not much of a purchase; it is in a bad situation, and there's no company around here. Everybody one could talk to has left since the war—both wars, the Great War and our own war. You are an American, I judge?"

"Yes."

"Well, Americans really know about houses. This one is one of the best small eighteenth-century houses in Ireland. It's not so small at that, but the other eighteenth-century houses are so large. It is a beautiful house—or would be if it was kept up. It was built in 1701 or 2, and the way things are in this crazy

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country, with wars and burnings all the time, it is an old house."

"Yes," she said, "I know its history. I know all about the house. I am a Barrett myself."

He looked at her in astonishment.

"Now, who might you be?" he asked.

For the first time she noticed the brogue in his voice.

"My name is Grace Barrett. I am James Barrett's daughter."

He pursed up his lips as if he were going to whistle.

"Yes," he said musingly. "I know—I know now. Yes, yes. James went to America. He got mixed up in some political trouble and went to America. So that is why you want to buy the house? Did James make money?"

"But who are you?" she asked hesitatingly.

He watched her closely for a minute, then looked away before he answered.

"I am the son of John Barrett, your father's brother. We are first cousins."

This puzzled her, for she had always heard that her uncle John had only daughters. Her puzzlement showed in her face. He laughed slightly.

"Do you think I am no genuine Barrett?" Then he walked over and stood beside her. "But I must see if you are a genuine Barrett. Have you the hair? Show me your hair."

She took off her hat, and, half irritated, half amused, she pulled out the hairpins and let down her long red-brown hair.

"Ah," he said, "not cut—what do you call it—not shingled! You must be one of the few women left with long hair. Right," he said; "you've got the hair."

She whirled up her hair. As she did so he caught her hand and placed his own beside it. His was the masculine version of her long, slim hand. They both laughed, and a real gaiety came into his melancholy face as he walked around the room picking up photos here and there, which, with a sort of mock solemnity, he placed before her.

"Who is that?" he demanded, handing her the photos of two little boys in Eton suits.

"That's my father and Uncle John," she said; "both our fathers."

"Right," he said, and he placed before her several others, some of whom she identified and some of whom she didn't. They became greatly amused as she guessed rightly or wrongly. Then he put the photos back and handed her a miniature without a word. She examined it intently. It was the picture of a very pretty woman dressed in lavender with rows of pearls on her neck and wound through her dark hair; her eyes were dark, too, and they looked out of the picture with a sort of high melancholy courage. After a few minutes a startling resemblance to the man beside her began to leap out of the picture.

"Yes," he said, guessing her thought, "that is my mother."

"Your mother! But we have a picture of Uncle John's wife at home with her daughters, and she was not at all like this."

"No," he said slowly, "she was not at all like that. I see you know nothing about me." He lit a cigarette, and after a few minutes' silence said:

"My mother was not my father's legitimate wife."

All sorts of notions began to pass through her brain as she watched him with puzzled eyes. Could he be the son of some farmer's daughter? Was her uncle John very wild? Could he—might he be the son of the woman who

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brought in the tea? But as she looked back at the miniature with its subtle, courageous face—it seemed a daring, grand face—she dropped that idea.

"You do not know my father's story at all—you have never heard it? Was my uncle James too proper to tell you? Perhaps you will be shocked. I have heard Americans are very sanctimonious. My father left his wife and ran away with my mother—ran away to France with her. She was French. She died in two years—just after I was born—they had only two years together."

"I never heard a word of that," said Grace.

"Well, after my mother's death my father left me with an aunt of my mother's, and after a year's roaming around he came back here. He wanted to see his children and the house, and I think he wanted to see his wife—men are strange."

"What happened then?"

"Well, what happened his wife told me. He left his things at the station and walked from the station to the avenue. Nobody recognized him on the way; he was not grown gray nor anything like a man in a book—he was just completely changed—younger if anything. Well, he walked up the avenue, not knowing what was in store for him, or what was going to happen. When he came to the house it was about six o'clock of a September evening; the blinds were not pulled down in the dining-room windows, and he went up and looked in. The children—three little girls—were seated at the table at supper with their mother. They were drinking milk out of their glasses, and their mother was talking to them. He stepped in the window, and the children were frightened. But his wife, Mary—she was a very good woman—she just rose from the table, and walked over and kissed him, and said, 'You are welcome back, John'; and she never asked him a question about where he had been, or what he had done. She rang for a place to be put for him at the table, and he sat down, and ate the nursery supper with the children. When the children heard he was their father, they climbed up on him, and sang songs to him."

"Did he stay?" asked Grace.

"Oh, yes, he stayed, but he did not live very long. He loved his wife all right, but his life was with my mother, and he died in about eight months afterward. His wife never asked him a question—never uttered a word of reproach. She was a grand woman, and she herself told me that those months were the happiest of her life. Then he fell ill, and he never recovered. And here was the point where Mary failed. She was a grand woman, but perhaps this was too much for her. My father fell into a delirium, and he thought his wife, Mary, was my mother, and he kept calling her Hélène, and talking words of love to her that he had never used to Mary. She might have endured that, but when he came out of the delirium just before his death, he began to talk to her about me. He had never mentioned me before, and she did not know of my existence until then, and somehow this living proof of the relations between him and the woman he had gone off with was too much for her. She was good to me afterward, but when he told her this she walked out of the room, and left my father to die alone. In his will he left me the house, but his income to his wife and children. The little income I have comes from my mother."

They were silent for several minutes;

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the telling of the story had affected him obviously very much, and he bent down and began hastily to pile turf on the blazing fire.

"How did you come here to Ireland?" Grace asked.

"Well, I stayed with my grandaunt in Brittany until she died. She died when I was six. And then my father's wife—Aunt Mary, I called her—came over to Brittany and took me back, and brought me up with her own little girls. I was supposed to be their cousin. My aunt Mary was a great woman; I was very fond of her. She wanted to give me some of my father's money, but I would not take it. She tried to force it on me. I hate to call her a great lady, for that seems to mean so many pious genteeleries. But she was a great gentlewoman—an aristocrat."

"How strange it all is—what a strange story!"

"My aunt Mary died twelve years ago. She and I had been living alone in the house, for her daughters were married—at least two of them were married, both in India—and one is a nun. And when she died I was chief mourner at her funeral. I left the house then. We had done nothing with it for years, for we could not afford to. I got these little cottages built and moved into them."

"You have lived like this for twelve years!" Her American mind was puzzled over him. "What do you do? Do you live here without doing anything? Did you never want to do something?"

"To do something?" He looked at her in surprise. "What can one do here? I thought of going up to Dublin and starting to write—a play or a book. I have tried to write a book and to write poetry. I sometimes think I will do it yet."

"Do you mean you stay here always?"

"Always, except for a few weeks a year. I was at Trinity College in Dublin, and I was at a school in France. But I have been mostly here. How could I leave? I have very little money. Before the war it was more, of course. But it is from France, and the franc has gone down."

"Are you happy?" she asked.

"Is anybody happy? Is any adult happy? But I could be happier nowhere else. My forefathers all lived here. After all, in a way, I do what they did—I ride, I read, I hunt a little, I breed horses a little. Sometimes I drink—drink until I am drunk. They did just the same, except that they had money and the house. I would be happy if the house could be preserved. After all, the Barretts were a great stock."

Her American mind was again puzzled. "They were an old stock," she said, "but would you call them great? They were not belonging to the nobility, and they were not very rich. They were not an aristocracy, were they?"

A quick, fiery anger leaped into his face. "No," he said, "they did not belong to the nobility. They were trampled down by the nobility of Cromwell and William." A fierce, satiric eloquence came into his voice. "They were a semi-barbaric, peasant aristocracy, belonging to a beggarly island-nationality." With a sudden, almost violent, transition he changed the subject.

"You are thinking of buying the house?" he asked.

"Yes," she said nervously, "I was thinking of it, but I do not know if I have enough money. I might not have enough money to buy it and keep it up." There was a few minutes' silence, and then with a fire, stirred up, per-

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haps, by his own outbreak, she burst forth. "But even if I had, how could I live here? I'm an American—I've spent my life in America—in cities. What could I do with myself here? I'm used to a different life."

"I will tell you what I will do," he said, ignoring her words. "I'll give you the house if you restore it and keep it up. How much money have you?" he demanded.

"I have about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars—I have the income on that."

"The income on that," he repeated.

"Yes, I have an income of between seven and eight thousand dollars a year."

He did not speak for a long time, and seemed to be engaged in making some mental calculations. Then he turned to her suddenly. "But are you staying anywhere? You cannot get away from here to-night."

This had also been passing through her mind. On her walk from the station she had noticed the little village hotel and assumed she could stop there.

"Yes," he said, "you can. There is never anybody there except a commercial traveller or two."

He stopped talking about the house and returned to his aunt Mary and half-sisters, and told her many stories about them. It was fairly late when he harnessed a horse to a trap and drove her to the station to get her bag, and then to the little hotel.

"We will talk about the house to-morrow," she said, and she bade him good night.

"Yes. We will talk about the house to-morrow," he repeated. "Meantime, I will try and find out how much it would take to run it."

She awoke early from a deep, tired sleep, and had a couple of hours trying to bridge the troublesome gap between the unconsciousness of sleep and the problem that waking brought before her. She ate fried bacon and drank strong tea in the room of the little public house-hotel called the commercial room, and looked out on a dark day of rain.

He came for her late in the morning, this time carefully dressed in a navy blue suit and carefully shaved, and looking almost the most distinguished human being she had ever seen. He wrapped a waterproof cape around her when she got into the trap, and they drove to the house.

In the slowly falling soft, fine Irish rain the house and avenue looked more romantic, if more desolate, than on the evening before. He showed her first the stables, which she had not seen—stables for eleven horses—and the coach-house and the gardens. The gardens, in a way, were the most pathetic thing of all; there remained many hardy apple and pear trees, many decayed flower-beds beside the tangled paths, and, strangely enough, artichokes were growing sturdily in a bewildered corner. There were a few pitiful little broken statues, and moss-covered remnants of little fountains. They went into the house once more, and he tried to tell her what had become of the pictures.

"What became of the picture of Tirawley Barrett that Gilbert Stuart painted?" she asked.

He stood for a moment a little shamefacedly, and then he said calmly: "I sold it to a dealer for an American who wanted an ancestor. The American wanted it—I wanted the money."

A feeling of extreme irritation overcame her. She was American, and she

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wanted that picture; it was her ancestor. Then she remembered that money, of which he had so little, was more vital to him than pictures of his ancestors. They went through the house slowly together; he pointed out to her that the eighteenth-century mantelpieces had been sold and iron ones put in their places, and, as he frankly admitted that his father's wife and himself had sold whatever they could after she had used most of her income in portioning her daughters, and that since her death he had also sold whatever he could get money for, a slow resentment began to rise in her mind against him. He did not seem to notice it, but went on explaining and calculating how much the house could be repaired and run for. Did he think she was going to spend all her life and her money on the restoration of this house that he had helped to dismantle? What did he think?

She had lunch and tea with him in his little cottage. His mind was now completely on the restoration of the house, and he spent a lot of time in calculations, but the glamour of the evening before, when she had seen everything for the first time, and he had told her his father's story, still held her in its grip, and she was almost delighted when he said suddenly: "You and I together could run the house and set it up again. I could put what I have in it and run a stud-farm."

The charm of the man and the charm of the house had seized on her almost equally, but something that she thought was self-preservation, and was only, perhaps, cowardice or weakness, made her assume an attitude of remoteness. The country around her was the most beautiful she had ever seen, but it was also the most lonely and melancholy; people, doubtless, could be very happy there—her ancestors, she knew, had sometimes lived gay and rollicking lives, and perhaps she would fit into it all with the ease of a person who had returned to something real and native and ancestral. The man before her was the most interesting and striking-looking she had ever met. To be made love to by such a man, an end toward which his remarks seemed to be leading, would be romantic and exciting—it would be wonderful indeed. She had heard that it was possible to completely wipe out one's past life and take up a new one, and perhaps she could do that. She could restore this man to the house and name of his fathers, which, at the moment, he had but a dubious right to. But—then she checked herself—he had the best right of all to them—a better right, perhaps, than any Barrett who had ever lived in that house, for his father and mother had so romantically, so profoundly, loved each other. For some minutes all her strength flowed into a passionate desire to stay with him, to throw away all her life in America, the sunshine and gaiety of her life in America, and stay here forever and ever. As if sensing her thoughts, he came over and stood beside her, looking down at her, his arm on the back of her chair. She gazed directly back at him. What did he want from her at all? Not love, for which his father had sold his life, for which she, perhaps, would sell hers, but her money to restore his house, her money and her thrown in.

"No, no," she said, "I cannot do it. This is not my life. It was only a romantic notion of mine to see this house. I don't want it."

"You don't want it?" he exclaimed. "Then why did you come here?"

"I don't want it. It was just a romantic notion of mine to come and see the

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house. My father was always talking about it." She rose and walked up and down the room a few steps. "Only a romantic notion, and perhaps worse—just snobbery. In America I like to think that I sprang from a sort of aristocratic stock, but I could not live here."

A fleeting expression of she knew not what crossed his face. It seemed grief, it seemed despair, it seemed anger, it seemed loneliness, but it passed so quickly she could not tell.

She felt after she had uttered her next sentence that it came out of a training that was alien to everything in his bringing-up—it was her American training, her American way of smoothing things over, of making them seem less definite than they really were, so different from his aristocratic directness.

"But I will think it all over to-night when I get back to the hotel, and we will talk it over to-morrow. I am tired to-night and everything seems wrong. But I will feel differently to-morrow."

Again he drove her to the hotel and inquired after her comforts from the hotel people, and bade her good night as on the evening before. Grace fell asleep, to wake up half an hour afterward trembling and torn between the conflicts that assailed her. For ten minutes she thought she would go to that man early to-morrow and say: "I stay—I stay here, forever." But then the thought of the unknown life in this unknown country, with this unknown man, filled her with a fear that began at the pit of her spine and made her helpless and shaken with misery. Perhaps he would run away from her, as his father had done, with a strange woman from another country. Then she remembered that she to him was a strange woman from another country, despite their blood-kinship—a strange woman to him as he was a strange man to her—that each had for the other the fascination of strangeness. The conflict that went on in her lasted till morning; then, because she had stayed awake all night, there was no struggle at all to adjust herself to the new day. The conflict was over, she would not stay—she could not stay; she would take the first train she could get away from the place. A weight fell from her as she took this resolution, and she dressed hastily and put her belongings into a bag. She drank her tea, paid her bill, and walked quickly to the railway-station. No train was going for nearly an hour, and her impatience grew to such a point that she thought of walking to the next station. A little before the train arrived, and as her anxiety was beginning to die down, she became panic-stricken as she heard the sound of a galloping horse. In a few minutes he came into the station, dressed as she first saw him, in his riding-suit.

"Ah, you are going away," he said very gently, and she felt once more, as she had felt the evening before, that this secretive sort of flight of hers was incomprehensible to his aristocratic directness. "I am glad to be in time to bid you good-by," he said.

"Yes," she said haltingly, "I am taking the Dublin train."

"Well, I am sorry I cannot stay to put you on the train. I have not place to put my horse; I must just say good-by and leave you."

She walked out with him slowly where his horse, tied to a post, was prancing around wildly, and destroying everything in sight—a beautiful lean brown horse, with nervous, fiery eyes. He apologized again for leaving her. His horse was a nervous thorough-

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bred and he could not leave him. As he mounted, she thought she saw a strong resemblance between man and horse; he bowed low to her in his saddle and rode away.

The train came in, and when it started she felt a desire to dance from the sheer sense of freedom that flowed in on her. It was wonderful to be clear of this adventure, to be off again, her own mistress, free to do anything she wanted. For a moment as the train skirted the road she saw horse and rider once more, galloping away quickly toward the mountains and the sea. That memory forever remained with her. To the man, as the years went by, her visit became like a dream—an eccentric American cousin had come and spent a couple of days on the pretense of buying the house; but to her it remained forever, to the day of her death, the one, the great, the intense reality of her life.

Twelve Good Men and True

By Helene Mullins

Lord, God in Heaven, attend;
We are here to judge a man.
Be Thou in this tragic hour his friend,
None on a jury can.

Thou in the light, we in the dark,
When the scales of justice tilt,
How shall we find the outward mark
Of innocence or guilt?

Lord, God, we are gathered here
To analyze a crime.
What if we blunder through rage or fear,
Or lack of sufficient time?

How can we tell what label's best
To put to a prisoner's name?
How may we know in the selfsame test
We wouldn't have done the same?

Thou who art merciful and just,
We who are passion-swayed,
How shall we judge a man (since we must)
Like to our image made?

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The Ghost Writers

BY FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

Up from anonymity comes this writer to tell of the joys and sorrows of literary ventriloquism, or the secret of why so many prominent people have been bursting into print.

I HAVE been a beauty specialist. I have been a social secretary. I have been a dowager with twelve generations of Manhattan aristocrats behind me, and a secretary of state, and a surgeon-general of the United States and many others.

I never have been president yet, but I have been several United States senators and I was, also, early in my career, a tong-leader of Chinatown for a few memorably uncomfortable hours.

The tong-leader was my first literary impersonation. His name was Cheng Wong. He had a jack-o'-lantern face, the loudest voice that ever commented during an aria, and a celestial streak of stubbornness. I overcame this last by the persuasions of a detective acquaintance, plus five dollars of a cub reporter's meagre salary. I was young and just barely holding a job, under a city editor whose greatest delight seemed to be to think up assignments impregnated with misery for the assignee.

"L'Oracolo" was having its premier at the Metropolitan. Why not, the city editor asked me, take a tong-leader to see this opera of San Francisco's Chinatown and have him write his impressions afterward? His question was purely rhetorical. I did not try to tell him any of a hundred good reasons why not. I needed my job. So I took Cheng Wong to the opera.

I had explained to Cheng that he was to dictate his opinion of the production. He elected to do so while the performance was going on. He liked Scotti and said so. Every one within ear-shot, which included practically every one in the building, said: "Sh-h-h."

He didn't think much of the Chinese procession, and the supposed ideographs on the banners and signs didn't mean anything. He told me this in the voice of a fearless critic, and a purple-faced gentleman behind us rose and went up the aisle, muttering and glaring threats over his shoulder. I followed, leaving Cheng to whatever fate awaits a fat tong-leader who talks out loud during a Metropolitan performance.

I do not know whether he returned intact to his smoky, bare office in Pell Street. I hope not. His estimate of "L'Oracolo" appeared in the paper next morning, written in a cub reporter's approximation of a Chinaman criticising an Italian opera in New York. It must have been a ghastly piece of work, but it saved me my job. I got a five-dollar raise, which made twenty in all, and I had taken my first false step toward the career of a ghost writer.

So, I understand, they call him now. He has become so prevalent during the last decade that he had to be named. The ghost writer is a problem over which The Authors' League of Amer-

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ica debates, and the numbers of his cult grow like a tabloid's circulation. He writes articles, essays, autobiographies, even books on technical subjects—I have done a solemn work on psychoanalysis, though a doctor's name is on the title-page—and some celebrity, when the work is finished, claims it as his own. The ghost writer brings authorship within reach of all.

There are two main reasons, I believe, for his increase, over and above a hack writer's primal desire to make money. One, and the less important, is an editor's wish to see his magazine's issues studded with big names—big names of any variety, just as long as they are big. He yearns for articles by famous authorities, commenting upon conditions, crises, advances in their chosen fields. Left to themselves, such persons would produce work typical of authorities, technical, clumsy, impossible from the popular periodical viewpoint, or else decline to write at all.

But an editor approaches the admiral of the navy, the discoverer of a new serum, the motor magnate, the social leader, the play-producer, the inventor, and, making peace signs and propitiatory gestures the while, wheedles:

"If you'll let us have an article" (or a series or the reminiscences of a busy life), "we'll send a good man to help you get the stuff into shape."

And the great man accepts the "help," which any ghost writer knows is an inadequate word. "Help" in cases like these consists in doing nineteen-twentieths of the work.

The gentle art of counterfeiting authorship is a bar-sinister outgrowth of the old-fashioned newspaper interview, which usually followed something like: "Mr. Blank, when seen at his home, 11,111 Park Avenue, last night, said:"

Following that colon, the reporter presented something purporting to be the subject's own words, cleansed of imperfect grammar, cleared of incoherence, toned up, and made dignified. He did not head his story "By Adolphus Blank," but the magazine ghost writer does. So does the modern reporter, for that matter, whenever possible. Home-run hitters, pugilists, hockey stars write for the press, but the number thereof who actually put pen or pound typewriter-key to paper can be counted on the fingers of one hand with three or four digits left over.

Reporters are ghost writers now and then. Syndicate men are ghost writers often. "Public-relations counsels"—some people still call them "press-agents"—are ghost writers most of the time. These and the magazine men are the crutches on which celebrity limps to authorship. More accurately, they are the wheel-chairs in which the famous are carried, flaccid, inert, into print.

I have written as, possibly, a score of persons. I believe that at least five out of eight articles, supposedly penned by the unliterary great, actually have been composed by silent partners who did the work. Of all the folk whose stuff I have written, only one, a senator from the far West, actually did anything toward authorship beyond talking to me and approving the completed product. He set down in outline what he wished to say. I expanded it into five thousand words.

Some of the more scrupulous magazines protect themselves from a faint flavor of forgery by affixing, after the bold "By John Doe," a meek and small-type anticlimax: "As told to Richard Roe." Here the actual author emerges faintly from obscurity. Generally the

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ghost writer is invisible as the spirits of the departed.

There is a second reason, quite as important as editorial lusting after big names, behind the rapid growth of the trade of ghost writing. This is humanity's persistent thirst for gossip.

Inventions that shrink the size of the world also minimize the individual. No one is lonelier than the average urbanite in the midst of newspapers carrying despatches from all nations of the earth; the radio, bringing echoes from Vancouver and London; the telephone, the telegraph, the airplane, and the motion-picture. Science in its campaign for human improvement has not supplied a substitute for the vanishing general-store cracker-barrel conference or the back-fence slander session.

Men and women have shivered for the warmth of intimate contact with their fellows. They have thirsted for the draughts of that aromatic wine of scandal which complex mass civilization has been de-alcoholizing. Man cannot live by the bread of sober journalism and censored radio programmes alone. He wants gossip—elemental, full-flavored gossip.

He is getting it now, thanks to the tabloid newspapers and the magazines, particularly the "confession" magazines. In these latter the ghost writer flourishes like the first personal pronoun in an actor's conversation.

It may be that sin-scorched souls actually find surcease and a check by writing their experiences for one or the other of the many periodicals specializing in anonymous confidences. I know several men and one woman who work steadily and profitably, turning out confession after confession. One man, in particular, does nothing else, and prospers. In a single week he has prepared for appreciative editors and a gossip-hungry world the following:

The confidences of a cabaret singer and why she lost her job; of a former waitress in a sinful Park Avenue apartment and how she got there; of a country girl who came to New York and ended in the care of the Salvation Army, with particular attention to the intervening steps; of a wife and the great wrong her husband's stenographer did her.

My friend is, I suppose, the most prolific author in America. He does not get ten cents a word and his name is not famous, but he makes money. Any one, having industry, a reasonable acquaintance with the English language, and the proper—or improper—fictional slant, can. It is not the highest form of ghost writing, but it pays.

Editors of some better-class magazines sneer at the scandal publications and copy their strategy in part. They welcome confessions, though they may demand a certain foundation of fact. I have done mythical confidences, on order; not the crass, hurried stuff the cheaper publications print, but semi-fictional revelation that still was semi-authentic.

I talked to a woman with social experience for a total of not more than four hours and expanded her conversation into five articles wherein an imaginary social secretary revealed the bawdy extravagance of society. My only contact with the élite theretofore had been brief professional association with a dowager whose pungent reminiscences eventually were embodied in a volume of which she wrote no single line until she autographed a copy for me. Yet, despite my second-hand information, the magazine that published the confessions of my social secretary

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was afflicted with letters from folk of standing in society. These complained that they or their kin were being lampooned and made utterly false guesses concerning the anonymous author's identity.

Also, I once did the life story of a beauty specialist. It was not my idea. An editor afflicted me with it. "Affliction" is not hyperbole. I had a hideous time finding material until I ran upon a perennially young newspaper friend, who confided that she had just had her face lifted. Would she help me with the articles? She would—for a consideration. I have never been closer to a beauty-shop than the outer plane of the plate-glass window, yet my reminiscences must have been true to life. Two firms of which I never had heard wrote threatening libel suits.

Nor was that all. For months I received letters, addressed in care of the magazine, "To the Author of 'Skin Deep,'" from women who confided their blemishes and wished my advice. A ghost writer is an elemental form of literary life who can change his authorship's sex at will. I had written as a woman. When the letters poured in I was aghast at the unreticent breadth of femininity's freemasonry.

These semifictional, anonymous revelations are the pleasantest and most profitable form of ghost writing; pleasant, because whatever story-telling facility you possess has free rein; profitable, because your informant has no name to sell. Generally he is content with a small portion of the profit. Names count. Names also cost. Celebrities whose articles you write often demand a fifty-fifty split. Additionally, they are harder to handle.

The dowager whose name is blazoned on the back of a book I wrote was my most difficult venture. Others had sought to tap her really monumental knowledge of New York society and she had quarrelled with them all. She was irascible, immensely proud, amazingly sensitive, with the most impressive assortment of scandalous reminiscence I have ever encountered. She was a grand old lady. I grew to love her with the apprehensive affection a trainer might feel for his lion.

She endured me at first because we both had Dutch names, and then she liked the first article I wrote for her.

"I've only written down what you've said," I pointed out, which but for the exception of recasting, reorganization, and a most liberal deletion was approximately true. She was pleased.

"Really?" she smiled. "Well, I have always believed I could write."

I wrote, I think, ten articles in all. She penned no single line, but she came to regard them all of her own exclusive authorship. From "our articles" she soon relapsed into "my articles," and later into "my book." I believe she was sincerely convinced she had done them all by herself. It did not irk me. A ghost writer cannot afford pride of that sort.

I heard a former pugilist speak at a luncheon. His reminiscences had been running in a magazine—clumsy, rather vivid articles, such as an intelligent prize-fighter might put together. He prefaced his address by saying modestly:

"I'm sorry I don't speak as well as I write."

I knew the editor who had bought the articles. I knew the man who had done them. He had lifted ghost writing almost into the province of art by ac-

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tually writing the way the ex-prize-fighter talked.

He had accomplished his job so well that the subject believed he had done it himself. This, I have found, is a prevalent psychosis among pseudoauthors. To them the ghost writer seems something mechanical, a device whereby their own thoughts are transformed into print. If they haven't any opinions, they accept those supplied as their own.

A moving-picture comedian thought he was simply a good comic until the man who writes most of Hollywood's literary efforts did an article for him. Since then he has regarded himself as an exponent of bitter satire, portraying the aimless futility of life. It is not his own idea. He found it in an essay he never saw until it was completed and brought to him to sign.

This literary ventriloquism, this uttering of words in the voice of a celebrity, requires skill, tact, and a trace of that quality that makes for success in portrait-painting. It is the most specialized field of ghost writing. Many magazines have on their staffs an expert or so in this line.

And they must be expert. They must be able to estimate in an hour or so of conversation with a celebrity what the subject would say if he could, how he would say it, and how much additional he will stand for. Furthermore, they must be able to evolve a coherent and interesting magazine article out of talk that is almost always vague and sometimes utterly dull.

One member of the craft, not so long ago, was trying to write the autobiography of a heavyweight pugilist. It was tough going, for the fighter's mind was in harmony with the rest of him. He was pure heavyweight. He talked slowly, reluctantly, and entirely platitudinously. It was like trying to weave romance out of the facts in a time-table.

"Look," the ghost writer said desperately. "Tell me something about your childhood. Remember anything interesting about that?"

For an instant the heavyweight pondered.

"Yeh," he conceded. "I had a dog. His name was Prince."

"Ah-haa!" the other burbled. "Now we got something! What kind of dog? What did he do? What became of him?"

"I dunno," the fighter answered. "I had him; that's all. He was a dog. His name was Prince."

And that was all there was to that story.

Once I tried to wring material from a senator. For some reason, to me still incomprehensible, a magazine wanted an article from him on his trip to China. I sat in his office and pumped desperately, and the harder I worked the more air I brought up. Eventually he too grew aware we were getting nowhere and began to fret. I told him I had enough for his article, and left. I had his itinerary and little more. Yet, by grace of an encyclopædia and a newspaper morgue, I prepared an interesting, if entirely specious, story of his journey and brought it back for his approval.

"I don't think," he told me when he had read it, "that I could have done it better if I'd had time to write it myself. Only here's one thing: you make me say, 'China is collapsing into the pit from which she was digged.' I think 'dug' would be better, and it should be 'in' instead of 'from'—'the pit in which she was dug,' eh?"

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" 'From' makes better sense, and it's a quotation, anyway," I demurred.

" 'In' is what I meant to say. If you quoted me correctly, it was a slip of the tongue, that's all," he insisted.

"Sure," I said, and cut the sentence out entirely after I had carried the approved article away.

The qualities demanded for successful practice of the older, more reputable professions all are required of the good ghost writer—presence, training, ability. Its ethics are still foggy and, I imagine, faintly reprehensible from the view-point of abstract morality.

The literary ventriloquist commits technical fraud, but a fraud that leaves every one satisfied. It is a game in which nobody loses. The ghost writer gets paid, which is pleasant. The celebrity who can't write also gets paid and sees himself in print, which is doubly pleasant. The public is gratified to read what the great person thinks or is not unwilling to pose as thinking.

And ethics are beginning to seep in —witness the explanatory "as told to Richard Roe" attached to ghost writings by some of the more reputable magazines. There is, however, it seems to some of us, room for further improvement. Ghost writers, now and then, commit something more than technical fraud by receiving pay from an editor for writing an article by a pen-bound celebrity and getting further cash from the celebrity himself for landing him in print.

Sometimes this situation evolves quite spontaneously. I once wrote the autobiography of a woman who had attained a considerably important political office. The work was filled with edifying aphorisms concerning honesty and the salutary consequences of introducing into legislative chambers the atmosphere of the American home. It was not a bad piece of work. The so-called author liked it.

"I hope," she said when she had finished reading it, "that your editor will print this. It will mean a great deal to me next November. Get it across if you can, won't you? Do this for me and I'll send you whatever he pays me and a little present besides."

I look back at that moment with a smug satisfaction not usually accompanying recollection of my past impolitenesses.

I have written under numerous names belonging properly to the famous. I have attributed to them turns of phrase, nifties, even opinions, they were unable to think up for themselves. I have done my share in the great American industry of deluding the public, but, all in all, I think I have been a pretty good literary ventriloquist.

Maybe, after all, not so very good. It's a poor ghost writer who reveals the literary supernatural.

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A Good Husband Remembers

BY WILLIAM C. WEBER

WELL, well, so that's what was in the package. How many years was it? Five . . . ten . . . Hardly faded a bit. Not a moth-hole in them, either. Shake out the creases and the crumbs of cedar-shavings and they could be worn to-day . . .

He had always wanted a blue shirt. One day when he was a boy on his way down-town to high school a man had swung on the trolley-car and stood on the platform kidding the conductor. The man wore a blue shirt with the collar turned up and a black tie. He was good-looking, and when he looked into the car the schoolgirls giggled. His black cloth hat had a hard visor and a flaring peak. It stood up like a knight's helmet. But it was the blue shirt that made him. He talked about it at home that night and his father and mother laughed at him. Only those grimy fellows that worked in Baldwin's and wop laborers and ditch-diggers wore blue shirts. Don't be silly.

Ever since he went out of blouses he had worn madras. Eighty-five cents when the stores had a big sale—sometimes a dollar or a dollar and a quarter. That was high, though. White with blue or green or lavender stripes or dots, and soft cuffs that his mother turned for him when they were frayed. He wore the madras shirts for a long time. It was after he was married that he stopped—one Tuesday night when his wife laid them all out freshly ironed on the bed. All the stripes and dots, spick and span, some cuffs smooth, some just beginning to fray, some ragged and ready to be turned. There were too many of them and he had worn them long enough and he was sick of them. The next day he went out of the office at lunch and bought a white shirt at a sale, and the next day he wore it. The sleeves were too short . . . he hadn't got on then to the way some of those gyp sales were worked . . . but it was a change.

He had been married about two years then and he was just beginning to be almost satisfactory to his wife in the way he dressed.

She didn't object to the striped shirts. Her father wore madras and they were cheap, so that was all right. But his colored socks and his striped ties and his brown suit and checker-board cap didn't go at all. They had quite a time over the ties and the cap. But he didn't like to fight, so he wore the loud ties on Saturday afternoons when he pushed Junior's go-cart around the square, and he hung the checker-board cap in the cellar to use when he put out the ashes. He wore a dark-gray felt hat and plain-colored ties and a gray Oxford suit to the office and his wife was satisfied. So when he bought the white shirt he was just a little worried about what she might say . . . Some of the stories he cooked up and the way she bored through them . . . But she really said very little except to complain about the cost of it, even though it was from a sale, and about the short sleeves, and to warn him that it would soil quicker than the striped ones, and he couldn't have a shirt a day in the wash, and he

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had better take that old light coat to wear in the office so he wouldn't get any ink-stains on the shirt-front. He looked pretty good in it, anyhow, and when you were only married two years . . .

After that he switched little by little from striped to white, until by the time Junior was going to school and the first girl was born he never saw the striped ones unless they turned up as dust-rags. He wore white shirts for a long time, week-day and Sunday, with a silk one, that had been a present from somebody, on special occasions. He wore them so long that he began to get sick of them just like the striped ones years before.

Then the blue shirts came in style. The Prince of Wales or somebody brought them in. He went so far as to price them. They were pretty steep.

A month or so later some of the boys in the office got up a pool on the Preakness, and he forgot himself for the first time in his life and let them put him down for two dollars of it. One of the car-agents who travelled over the Southern roads and met bookies and jockeys placed the bet, and the lucky stiff played it across the board on the horse that won.

Everybody in the pool got ten dollars. He had ten dollars to spare, ten dollars that he couldn't account for at home. He felt like blowing some of it for something for her and the kids, but he knew she would say he was extravagant, and the evening would be spoiled. Telling her that he won the money on a horse-race was out. One time one of the guys from the office dropped in at the house and began kidding him about the money he won that day shooting craps in the wash-room at lunch. After he went there was a terrible time.

But the ten dollars was burning a hole in his pocket. So at noon he walked over to Wanamaker's and looked around and listened to the organ, and finally bought two blue shirts—one fairly dark, the other sort of light and flashy, and both with fine pearl buttons and collars attached. Gosh! he must have walked around that shirt-counter fifty times before he got up his nerve. Anyhow, it was his money.

He figured that he would take them home, hide them in his bureau-drawer, and put one on the next morning while she was getting the breakfast. There would be such a fuss over getting Junior ready for school and feeding the baby her breakfast that she wouldn't have time to say much. If she was in any reasonable sort of humor, it would be all right by the night. He could fix it then.

But Junior upset the apple-cart. It was a nice evening and the kids were playing on the porch. When he bent down to kiss the little girl his hand loosened on the package, and Junior grabbed it. Then the little devil ran into the house with it, yelling about what Daddy had brought. Before he could grab him the paper was open on the kitchen-table and she had seen them. The kids were there, so she didn't say a thing, but her eyes got big and hard and her lips drew thin and tight. The kids did most of the talking at supper. Then she did the dishes and put the youngsters to bed while he pottered around waiting.

It wasn't long coming. The kids yelled down good night and he heard their door close. Pretty soon she called very quietly in a voice that was as flat as pancake to come up, she wanted to speak to him. She was sitting on the bed and motioned to him to sit down beside her. Then she raved. What did

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he mean squandering money like that while she was working her fingers to the bone and the children had to be raised and there were so many bills to be paid? She went on that way for some time until she got out of breath and wound up in a kind of angry sniffle. So he chipped in that they were all the style and all the fellows were wearing them. That started her on a new tack. He couldn't wear blue, anyhow, not with that face. Whatever she married him for it wasn't his looks, and goodness knows the way he dressed until she got hold of him made him look even worse. With the kind of face he had he must stick to the plainest kind of clothes or he'd look like a fool. If he was young and good-looking he might be able to wear such clothes, if they weren't so expensive and didn't wear out so fast with those attached collars that got dirty in a day and washed ragged in no time, but with that nose and jaw he had to wear things that would make people forget his face rather than call attention to it.

No one else would tell him. They would say to his face that he looked fine and all that, but they would kill themselves laughing at him behind his back. And if Mr. Blake saw the way one of his clerks, especially one with a family, was wasting his money and making a fool of himself, it would be a long while before he got another raise. There was a lot more, some of it pretty mean and nasty, but he took it all without answering back and starting an argument.

When she seemed to have it all out of her system he asked her what he was to do with them. He could take them right back the next day and exchange them for some underwear. There was something he really needed if he had so much money to spend on clothes. And he actually had sense enough not to throw away the exchange slip.

The next morning she had them wrapped neatly for him with the same paper and string and everything, all the wrinkles smoothed out where the kids had mussed them, and the slip tucked back as if they had never been opened.

He took them to the office with him and put them in the lower drawer of his desk with the old rubbers he kept for stormy days and his can of tobacco. But he didn't take them back that noon. There were too many other things he wanted to do, and he didn't feel like hurrying his lunch. She asked about them that night, and he told her he had been too busy to get over to the store. He only had five days to return them in, she warned him. After that the store would refuse to exchange them, so he had better hurry. The third and fourth day went by and he didn't take them back. On the last day she asked him about them again and he told her that he had taken them back but forgot to bring the other things home. So that day with what was left of the horse-race money he went out and bought the underwear. Once it was home everything was smoothed over.

The blue shirts stayed in his desk. He couldn't take them home and he couldn't exchange them, so there they stayed. After they had been there for maybe a year he cleaned out his desk one day and opened the package and found they were all covered with tobacco-dust and dirt, so he took them to the Chinaman around the corner, and after they were all freshly laundered he wrapped them up tightly and put them back again.

It was maybe a year and a half later

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that he got his raise to assistant chief clerk, and the boss sent him out on a trip to meet the freight-agents and know the division at first-hand. He would be away from home overnight for the first time in years, and with another baby coming she didn't like the idea very much, but the promotion meant considerable and there would be a lot of expense coming. She packed his suitcase the night before he left, and the next morning he took it down to the office to work an hour or so before the express left for up-State. He was almost ready to go when the phone-bell rang and she called up from the drug-store to tell him that he had forgotten his rubbers and to be sure to take the pair he had there in the office. He rummaged around in his desk for them, and there were the shirts. Now would be a good time to wear them. So long as he was assistant chief clerk, he might as well throw on a little stuff in the small towns.

He put them in the top of his bag. That night he stayed in Shamokin. He had been going on all six all day, and he felt like relaxing and having a good time. There was a nice waitress at his table in the hotel, a plump little Polish girl, who looked as if she'd listen to reason. He had never been much for hell-ing around, but he hadn't been near his wife in weeks, and a man was a man. He dated her up at supper-time, and afterward he went up to his room to spruce up a bit. If he was going to be a sport, he might as well look like one. Beneath the shirts in his suitcase were all the rest of his things just as his wife had packed them, all neatly folded and tucked in—handkerchiefs, socks, shirts, clean as a new pin. Just like his wife. He began thinking about her and the kids and the new one on the way. There she was, working away alone at home, putting the kids to bed, and cleaning up and fixing the heater herself, and here he was. He was a hell of a husband. So he wrapped up the shirts again, and when he met the waitress outside the hotel he told her he just got a phone-call from a man he had to see on business and it was all off. She cursed him out considerable, but what was a Polock, anyhow? He walked around the town for a half-hour or so and then went back to the hotel to bed.

The next few days he was so busy that he had no time to think about shirts or tarts, and he was worn out when he got on the express for home. He was so tired that he forgot all about the shirts until he was nearly there. If she found out he still had them, there would be extra hell to pay. He had to think quick. There was one thing his wife wouldn't do and that was snoop around into what she considered other folks' personal and private affairs. She often talked about it. She never did before she was married, she said, and she couldn't see why marriage made any difference. She never opened any of his letters, even if she knew who they were from, and after one time when he opened one of hers from a girl friend whose writing he knew and got a terrible bawling out, he did likewise. In his suitcase he had a lot of company letter-heads with notes and figures scribbled on them. They were rough copies of stuff that he had worked into a regular report the night before he left for home, but had kept to check up with later on. He folded the shirts in two, put sheets of letter-paper around and on top of them, snapped a couple of rubber bands around them, and on the top sheet wrote in big letters "Notes of Trip through Coal Regions. For Future Ref-

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erence." He had his nerve with him when he put the package on top of everything else in the suitcase, but he knew her.

They were all glad to see him when he got home, and she paid no attention to the "Notes." They were his affairs, and business was business. He was glad she hadn't discovered what was in the bundle, for it would have spoiled about as pleasant a time as he remembered in years. It was nice to have your wife and kids make a fuss over you, and with what she had to go through, it wasn't fair to worry her too much. He could wear them some time later.

That night, just before they went to bed, she asked him to take a bunch of the kids' toys up to the attic. She was cleaning out one of the closets to make ready for the new baby's things. With the toys he sneaked the shirts. Up in the attic he had a big wooden box with old books and letters and school-pennants and things in it. He stuck the shirts in it and put a handful of cedar-shavings from the bag she kept there in with them. She would never touch them in there.

Well, after that so much happened that he forgot all about the damn things. The baby came and his wife was sick for a long time, and the doctor said she couldn't have any more. Junior went through high school like a house afire. He was a bright kid—took after his father—and they were all set for sending him to State when the boy got pneumonia. Once he had thought of sticking the shirts in the boy's trunk when he went away to college. Boys liked to wear those snappy things. But that was all over. They had the two girls, but it was pretty tough. She never really got over it. Then old Blake died, and the super made him chief clerk. It was a nice job, good for life. They were pretty contented, and the girls were lively and brought lots of nice young folks to the house that helped her to forget. He took on a lot of weight, and none of the old clothes he kept around the house would fit him. They kidded him about it, and one night when the oldest girl had the boy she was engaged to out for dinner his wife told them all about the night their father brought home a couple of loud blue shirts, and the time she had with him before he would take them back. They all laughed a lot.

It wasn't long after the oldest girl was married that he was taken sick. The doctor said he had been sticking to his desk too close. He was a mighty sick man for a long time, and for weeks he couldn't help himself at all. His wife wouldn't allow a trained nurse in the house—she didn't believe in them—and she tended him night and day. He got well all right, but with everything else it was too much for her.

He and the youngest girl had kept the house since then, but now she was going to marry a young chap out in Cleveland, and there wasn't much for him to do but put the place up for sale and go with the other girl out in their big house in the suburbs.

You found a lot of old things when you were cleaning up an attic. What would he do with these old shirts? They had kept almost as good as new all these years. Now that there was nobody to complain, he might wear them around the house in the evenings. He might as well go down to his room and try one on. He could wear it now. Never had gotten fat again after that long siege. Once he had shaken out the wrinkles it looked fine. The black tie he was wearing would go nicely with

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it. His daughter would be surprised when she saw her sporty father. That was her coming in now. He had better hurry up and get the tie straight and go down-stairs.

If only his wife could see him! How she had lit into him and what an ugly specimen she made him out to be! With that kind of nose and jaw he must stick to plain things or he'd look like a fool. His nose and jaw weren't so bad even now. One look in the glass and he'd go down-stairs. How was that?

Maybe he couldn't wear blue, after all. It didn't look quite right for a man his age with a married daughter and a grandchild to make up like a kid. He never knew before how much he and Junior had looked alike. The colored girl could have them or he'd put them out with the trash. Gosh! it was almost dinner-time. He'd better hurry down-stairs or he'd be late, and that always made his daughter sore.

Apologia of an Expatriate

BY HAROLD STEARNS

This letter from one who a few years ago was prominent among American intellectuals was a personal communication to F. Scott Fitzgerald. It puts the case for the voluntary exile so well that we secured the permission of Mr. Stearns and Mr. Fitzgerald to publish it.

To F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Dear Scott: You ask me why I prefer to stay in Europe—obviously "up against it" and poorly, miserably paid—when I can, according to your optimistic statements, go back to my native United States and make money, lots of it. What keeps you here? you ask. You have few friends, no family or amorous life, you are bored, often hungry, seldom well clothed, and never happy—such you affirm. And I don't deny any of these things. Though not always, they are too often true. Nevertheless, I continue to stay.

The answer is a complex one, and a fair statement is not easy. Had any one without my temperament, which somewhere has an Oriental fatalistic streak, gone through what I have gone through in the last three years—physical discomfort, the humiliation of friends avoiding you because your condition distresses them, the silent pity of those whom ordinarily you would like to ignore, the necessity of associating with second-rate people and bores until you could scream with impatience, the chilling of vitality which comes from cheap food and sometimes none at all, the weariness of spirit that results from working hard and well and being paid hardly enough to cover your hotel bill, the sense of isolation and at the same time knowing that all sorts of fantastic yarns are being composed about you—had you, or almost anybody else, gone through all this, you would have got back to America, if you had had to swim. Yet I have remained, though no

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one knows better than I the bitterness of being an expatriate or hates it more than I do.

But though I was born in America, and my people before me, and though I am an American through and through, and always will be, I was born with certain sensitivenesses, certain antennæ that reach out spontaneously to old civilized things and the traditional culture that men have made after centuries of struggle with each other and ignorance. What happened in the United States following the mysteriously called "Great" war was the emergence into power of organized bodies of intolerance who were out to make a civilized life impossible. These people had tasted blood in the hysteria days of the war itself, they had got themselves into strategic positions and they did not want to let go. They have not let go even yet. I do not mean merely the prohibitionists, for dramatic as was their appearance on the scene, they are significant only of a tendency they represent, nor do I mean the more obviously so-called "reform" associations and purity and uplifting experts. Every nation has its big-hearted Rover boys who are always trying to do somebody else good—and doing them, good and plenty; though I question if any nation has so large and articulate a proportion of them as we. Nor, once more, do I mean the dominance of Protestant clericalism in the United States, as particularly identified with the Methodist, Baptist, and Lutheran churches, for all countries suffer from clericalism, too, if again not so severely and unintelligently as we. What I rather mean was the emergence of articulate mediocrity, armed with self-assurance, a full stomach, and a tenacious determination to destroy anything better than itself. What I saw was the growth of the fear of excellence. Democracy began really coming into its own, and it made me deeply uncomfortable. The standardization processes were at work with a speed and mercilessness unknown before in the history of mankind. Education was being made "popular," that is, easy, or no education at all; Greek and Latin began disappearing; everywhere there were short cuts to culture, whereby it was possible to know all about an author or a subject and never to have read through one of his books or a single book on the subject; fantastic as it may seem, schools for personality began to arise, just as to-day there are schools for journalism and selling and, I dare say, of manners for retired bootleggers who are trying to crash the gate into society; the arts became the "lively" arts, as if they must jazz it up too with the spirit of the age; and everywhere was this appalling spread of literacy so that the charlatans had a bigger and wider field to work on. Aristocratic ways of thought and life became "high hat" and taboo. Do you mean seriously to tell me that they are not so still? Do you, frankly, write as well as you can and only what you would like to? It is hard for me to believe it.

You would probably admit all this, and yet I can well imagine your saying, as George Santayana has said to me emphatically, that whatever we mean by "modernism" is represented by the forces in the United States. Why not return and be part of this vitality that is shaping a new world? Why live in an old and disillusioned Continent, where everything that is progress is but imitation of things American and where all the changes that look to the future are changes nearer our image? Why not be back in the centre of things and be part of them? There is an exuberance of

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spirit in this sense of having a share in the force that is more and more dominating the world.

For my part I admit the fascination of living fully with your time and being part of the vital forces of the day. I should like to be in the centre of things that are moving fast—if I knew in what direction they were moving. I should like the vicarious vitality that comes from being in the successful and vital currents—if those currents did not control me. I want to live my own life first, and the social life next. I do not care to live a thoroughly doctrinated herd life first, and keep for my own life only the fragments that are left over. If America left you free—free to work, to create, to make a fool of yourself or a success—where would a rational man rather live?

But the point is, in the United States you are not free. You are in prison, even if you don't happen to have spirit enough to be in jail. It is seldom you that gets a creative joy out of being part of a vital current; it is usually you who are cracked on the head and hounded and badgered at every turn by currents that are often much too vital for comfort. The practical difference is enormous.

Take the simple matter of drinking, for I can speak to you frankly about that. The United States would make a drunkard out of me, and my drunken days are over. During the year following prohibition, like any respectable person I got drunk as frequently as I could. And when I came to Europe, out of sheer habit, I kept the merry game up for perhaps two years. Then something happened. It was not dramatic; it was slow, but it was inevitable. As time went on and I began to realize that I should probably spend the balance of my days here, I ceased to worry about liquor. I began to discover—and it was not due to any breakdown of health either—that I didn't care for hard stuff. I stopped drinking whiskey because I don't like the taste of it. I stopped drinking cocktails because I don't care for them. I found I liked a mild apértif before meals, perhaps one sweet liquor after a good dinner, and in the evening champagne or beer. There was no longer any point in getting drunk—when you could do it any time you wanted. There was no longer any point in being uncivilized about drinking—when all the fine wines of France were at your disposal all of the time. Not compelled to be sober by edict, I did not have to become a drunkard to prove my independence. Sad as it may sound to you, I found that I was at heart a moderate drinker and that I did not regard intoxication, either in myself or other people, as very amusing. To see life "à la rose" occasionally, as on fête-days and celebrations, is quite another thing. I am accustomed, as men have been for generations, to wine with my meals. How could I go back to the United States now and enjoy a single repast? How, incidentally, could I stand the cooking, the quick lunch, and the tasteless oysters? Have you thought of that?

In more intimate ways, too, France has set me free. In New York, frankly, I was worried about sex—it was in the air always. People talked a lot about it. Here that is not the case. You know my life, which is regular and takes me every day to the different French race-tracks around Paris. It keeps me in the open half the day, rain or shine; it gives me a routine and stabilizes my life; it tires me in a healthy way; and it gives a genuine external objective interest, for it is no secret to you that I am very fond of

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horses. My mornings are free for reading or work or, if I stay up too late, for sleep. Sex does not bother me; I seldom think much one way or the other about it. The friends I have talk politics, amusing personal gossip, books, races, the arts—but seldom sex. It is not that the subject is taboo; French people—and those who live here a long time—are not eternally preoccupied with it as a topic of conversation. They assume that everybody attends to that side of his personal life to suit himself. And if he happens, like myself, not to have much to do with sex, they assume that that suits him, too, and anyway is none of their business. In other words, it is fairly easy to lead an amorously abstemious life in Paris, if you want to. It is far from easy in New York. Once again the regulators have obtained the shadow only to lose the substance.

The real difficulty in living in Europe, if you are not independently well off, is that it is hard to make a real wage. I work hard, and I know. Every one is paid miserably. But when every one is, it is not so bad, for then every one is in the same boat—provided one keeps away from tourists and people like yourself, who make too much money for a poor Parisian to feel comfortable. Besides, I have not now, and never did have very much, the American itch for possessions. Possessions are a burden just as surely as obligations. One wants enough to eat well, sleep comfortably, buy a book or two, and be able to move about. More than that is of little value to a person like myself. I confess, it is hard enough to obtain even that much in Paris, but it is not impossible. And that is all one has the right to ask. The other advantages are too great to be put in the balance plates. Overtopping them all, of course, is the joy of being let alone. When shall we learn that first secret of tolerant and civilized living in the United States? You write me a letter when that day has arrived, and I shall take the next boat back.

Yours as ever,

HAROLD STEARNS.

Paris, October 1st, 1928.

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The College Nobody Knows

BY REBECCA N. PORTER

I CAME upon it quite by chance. Any one who finds the little village at all must stumble upon it. For Solvang is not a place to which one sets out with single-minded intentness, abetted by road-signs promising "every room with bath." It lacks, for the hurrying motorist, all the allurements of a definite goal. There is not even an offer of "free air" to turn him from his course. And that course is toward Mattei's, a famous tavern long ago popularized by aristocratic Santa Barbara and its environs. Mattei's is one of those rural eating-places which, having established a reputation for fried chicken and elderberry pie, persists serenely in the face of altered road courses and defunct railways.

It was after I had been introduced to the succulent delights of Mattei's and we were driving homeward along a road bordered by prosperous bean and grain ranches that I spied a little cluster of houses surrounding a large white frame building set upon a hill.

"That's Solvang," my companion explained in response to my question. "It's a Danish colony. Nothing there but a college."

Nothing there but a college! Having lived for some years in a town whose every interest is subordinated to a college, I found this view-point intensely refreshing. But I could not quite consent to such summary dismissal of academic status. What a curious place for a college! Why was it there? And where did the students come from? To satisfy these queries my escort turned off on a road that led into the heart of the village. And thus I "discovered" Solvang and an educational institution almost unique among colleges.

It was a midsummer Sunday afternoon and we found the white frame building on the hill wrapped in Sabbath quiet. But the wife of the head of the college answered the door-bell and gave us hospitable greeting. She and my host were already acquainted, and with a few words of introduction he left me in her charge while he went to call on a neighboring friend.

I followed her along the plain wide hallway and up-stairs to the dormitory quarters where a little group were having afternoon coffee. I was at once made one of them and, with courteous acknowledgment of my linguistic ignorance, they dropped their Danish conversation and chatted in English. It was there, sitting at a table laden with fragrant coffee and the incomparable Danish pastries, that I learned something of the history of a remarkable institution, and made the acquaintance of one of the few great teachers that I have ever known.

He was an instructor in Danish gymnastics, a man in the early thirties, with the physique of an athlete and the eyes of a mystic. Solvang, he explained, had been founded in 1911 by a company of Danes from the large colony in Des Moines, Iowa. They came out to southern California to seek a location where they could carry out an educational

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ideal. Their first requirement was a country that would lend itself to the kind of agriculture which the Danes knew. They had become accustomed to the rich corn-lands of Iowa. The hilly topography of the California location didn't look like Iowa, so some of them turned back. The rest, a mere handful, stayed and began the big adventure.

It was an adventure fraught from the start with difficulties. Their nearest neighbor, only three miles away, was the Spanish village of Santa Ynez. Its traditions and interests clustered around one of those old missions that have made the history of southern California rich with beauty and romance. The idea of a Protestant colony so near was distinctly distasteful to them. And when they discovered that the new settlement was to be given the outlandish Danish name of Solvang (which means "sunny fields") their disgust deepened. The priest at the mission, a picturesque character who afterward became a good friend to the new community, expressed the general sentiment in the scornful words: "Santa Ynez—and Solvang! It's like mixing gasoline and whiskey, and I prefer my whiskey straight."

Others of the Spanish residents tried to discourage the newcomers by grotesque comments on the quality of the soil. "Underneath," they explained, "is oil. And as soon as you get the wheat planted it will come to the surface and spoil the crop."

This was evidently a classic joke, for every one around the table laughed reminiscently, and one of them remarked that they were still hoping to strike the kind of oil that would rise at the touch of a plough.

A year after their arrival they had the college running, with four teachers. A small box of a building it was at first, in the centre of the town. Then a minister from a church in Denmark came over and, using his own private capital, augmented by private subscription, built and conducted the present institution. It is now supported by the Danish churches scattered throughout this country. Each student pays, during the college year, ten dollars a week, and for this he receives room, board, and tuition.

Over the door, as I entered, I had seen the name "Atterdag College." The name, they now explained, was that of an ancient Danish king whose motto, "We still have to-morrow before us," is held before Danish youth as a symbol of industry and hope. I've never had so clear a demonstration of the fact that words in themselves mean nothing; that it is only the spirit behind them that gives them significance. That same legend inscribed over the portal of a schoolhouse in the Spanish village next door would have automatically released every one from the necessity of effort. I don't know what the Danish word for "to-morrow" is, but it must have a much more vigorous sound than "mañana."

After coffee I went down-stairs with the young instructor of gymnastics and we made a tour of the building. As he threw open the first classroom door his tone became, for the first time, apologetic. "Our building will seem to you very old-fashioned," he warned. "You will find here none of the up-to-date equipment that you are used to at the State university."

Thus he made his obeisance to the great American educational ideal, an ideal that makes concrete and brick the only proper accoutrements of culture and decrees that the things of the spirit must go hand in hand with indirect

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lighting and revolving desk-chairs. Though (as I later discovered) he had not admitted this idea beyond the antechamber of his own mind, he assumed that humility was due the representative of an educational institution which had just clamorously wrested from its taxpayers several million dollars for the erection of a white granite gymnasium, a wrought-iron entrance-gate, and other essential accompaniments to the higher life. Perhaps there was still ringing in his ears too the campaign cry that had roused the parents of the State to a frenzy of outraged pride; that cry that had swept the bonds on to victory: "We are educating our young people in *shacks!*"

(Lest any one challenge California's position among the educators of the Union, it must be explained here that any frame building, regardless of size and weatherworthiness, is thus labelled now in the Golden State. Nothing can remove the stigma of the word; and this despite all that has been done for the shack by the great men of history and Aimee.)

Having inspected the bare, plain rooms and the basement dining-hall, we visited the gymnasium, which occupies a building of its own on the pretty, sloping campus. Here there was adequate but not varied equipment for that gymnastic work which is regarded by educators as the highest type of physical training which science has yet evolved. My guide called attention to the fact that all the apparatus was made of wood. "We do not like the idea of using indestructible materials," he said. "A big part of the pupil's training is learning to take care of what he uses."

From across the campus there was wafted suddenly the tinkle of a wind-harp. We came upon it later near a giant oak which sheltered a picnic-table. And here we discussed further the dual educational ideal which had inspired the building of Atterdag.

"It seemed to us that the best type of American citizen must have something to give to the country as well as wanting to take something from it. We wanted our children to come bringing something. We did not want them to lose entirely the rich old culture of Denmark. So, for five weeks of their summer vacation, they come here and sing the Danish songs and dance the Danish folk-dances and read Danish stories. When they go back to public school, they know who they are and whence they came. They know that from those who are the possessors of such a heritage much will be expected. You do not find the Danes in your penitentiaries nor the children of Danes in your juvenile courts. I think one reason for this is that the Danes, more than most other immigrants, keep alive in their children the ideals of righteousness and industry in which they themselves were bred. To throw overboard, in one generation, country, language, traditions, and religion, strips the soul of the young too bare. In order to cover its nakedness it snatches at anything rather than selecting the best.

"But the biggest work of Atterdag is done in the college term, which runs from November to March. Then there comes to us the newly arrived immigrant. He comes to be prepared for American citizenship. In his own language we teach him the history, the Constitution, the literature of the country that he is going to adopt. Instead of struggling with these subjects in a language wholly unintelligible, he gets a thorough grounding in the principles and ideals of citizenship in his own tongue. When he goes up for his ex-

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amination he knows what he is about."

I knew this was true, for there is a story current in the naturalization courts of Santa Barbara which amply and whimsically illustrates it. An Englishman who was waiting to take his examination turned rather nervously to one of his American witnesses and began asking some "last-minute" questions about the Constitution. Taken quite unawares by this "Ask-me-another" attack, the witness turned on him indignantly with: "Well, how do you expect me to know? What do you think I am—a Dane?"

Very different are the alumni of Atterdag from the typical terrified foreigner, mumbling his few set phrases in the hope that they will be the right phrases. The Atterdag applicant has been willing to work for his citizenship. His college day is from eight to six, with an hour off for lunch. And, having become a citizen, he does not stop his education. He comes back whenever he can arrange the time for more study. Grundwig, that intrepid pioneer of the folk high schools of Denmark, did his work well. He created in the minds of his fellow countrymen the thirst for knowledge.

"After such a long day as that do they study at night too?" I asked.

"Not unless they want to," my informant answered. "Everything is purely voluntary here. Nobody has to come to Atterdag. Nobody has to study who comes. No credits are given for studying. We do not prepare for any other college. We prepare, or try to prepare, our students to lead rich lives. That is all."

I had found it at last. The college that every one is talking about, the college nobody knows! I saw some of the students that evening when we gathered in chapel on the top floor of the main building. A bare, plain room it was, with bare, plain benches and the simple altar of the Lutheran Church. Through the open windows came again the silvery tinkle of the wind-harp and it sounded now like a call to prayer.

"Religion," my companion said to me after service, "seems to us one of the very last things that can be kept alive through the medium of a foreign tongue. It needs the warmth of familiar words. For that reason it is one of the first things that our newly arrived young people throw away. And that is a pity, for religion is a safeguard. My work is also one. If I were teaching gymnastics just to make hard muscles I shouldn't care to do it at all. That is not the purpose of the Danish gymnastics. The purpose is to learn to make the body and all its desires subordinate to the will. When we have learned that, we have learned also the secret of sane and successful living.

"You see," he went on, "the trouble with most education is that it springs from a theory instead of from the people's need. The theory should come from the teaching, not the teaching from the theory. In America we confuse education with training. You can train a horse, you know, so that he will dance and jump through a ring and bow to the audience. But he is not educated. He will not do any of these things when his trainer is not there. The man who has been merely trained to do a single job will not do it either when the pressure is removed. *It is what people do when the pressure is removed that shows whether or not they are educated.*"

That is a message from Atterdag, one of the newest and smallest and finest colleges of the land. When its ideals

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become universal in scope, when we are willing to learn from our foreign-born citizens as well as to teach them, when we can sit together around a common student-table, from which no language is barred, is it not just possible that we may discover at this banquet-board the lost key to international peace?

Cycle in the Life of a Lovely Lady

By Elizabeth Honness

Within her eyes she held a secret joy
That sometimes burst its bounds,
And filled her voice and lilted in her laughter;
And she was frank, and shy as any boy,
And when she talked she made delicious sounds,
Chortles, and Oo's and Ah's, then quiet after.

One thought she was the very gayest thing,
Burning and brave and bright,
All starriness and fieriness, but had
One watched her when she was remembering
One would have seen that she was different, quite,
And that, remembering, her mouth was sad.

And now that she is old, she still is gay,
Brittle and bright and fair,
Life has not done to her one awkward thing
Save slip the sadness from her mouth away,
She has forgotten it was ever there,
Or what it was she was remembering.

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As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Robert Browning died in 1889, and Tennyson in 1892. There has been since no English-writing poet who can stand comparison with either of these; nor is there any living poet from whom a new book would be awaited with such general interest as greeted every new publication of the twin Victorians. Once in a while I see some foolish remark to the effect that Tennyson and Browning are no longer read; but the fact is they are at this moment more widely read and known than any of their successors. Nearly every novel I read contains a quotation from Tennyson or Browning or both; and the latest novel by the distinguished writer Maurice Baring, called "Comfortless Memory," is avowedly taken from one of Browning's most germinal poems, "A Light Woman." Years ago I read another novel whose title and plot were taken from this same poem; it was "No Hero," by E. W. Hornung. Mr. Baring's novel is a finer and more subtle work than Mr. Hornung's; it is indeed a psychological novel, containing the unfolding and analysis of the character and temperament of an extraordinary woman. Everything Mr. Baring writes has the touch of distinction; and to those who are searching among the welter of contemporary books for something both brilliant and decent, let me recommend anything by this author.

Synchronously with this novel comes a new biographical work on the Brownings by Osbert Burdett; this is not an inspiring book, being in fact rather dry, but after a careful rereading and reappraisal of Browning, Mr. Burdett has no doubt of his greatness. In giving the list of his authorities, and the books on the Brownings which he recommends, he unaccountably makes no mention of the Life of Browning by Griffin and Minchin. This is an amazing omission, for that particular biography is not only worth all the others put together—Sharp's, Orr's, Dowden's, Chesterton's—but it contains so much newly discovered material that it was bound to be a source-book for every subsequent writer on the subject. Had Mr. Burdett never heard of it?

Simultaneously with these two works appears a charming intimate collection of reminiscences by Browning's daughter-in-law, Fanny (Mrs. Barrett Browning), called "Some Memories of Robert Browning." I have often had the pleasure of long talks with her about the poet; and I rejoice that she at last put her recollections into permanent form. They deal especially with Browning's last days in Venice, his illness and death. In temperament, Browning was very much like Theodore Roosevelt; virile, impetuous, demonstrative, affectionate. His son told me that the poet might have lived longer if he had not foolishly attempted to prove his vigor. He had caught a bad bronchial cold, and as they entered the Palazzo Rezzonico in Venice young Browning told his father not to overexert himself. Old men resemble

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children in many ways and in nothing more than in resenting advice. The fiery old man turned on his son and said, "I'll show you!" ran up two flights of stairs, strained his heart, and in a few weeks was dead.

An Italian novelist, Giovanni Verga, who died in 1922, is introduced to English readers by D. H. Lawrence, who in a rather long preface gives him fulsome praise. I learn also from the jacket that Verga "can claim a place beside Hardy and the Russians." Well, one may claim anything; but Hardy and the Russians will not have to edge along to make room for Verga. The short stories in this volume show some ability, but they are inferior to the best work of O. Henry and of Ring W. Lardner. Such tales as Mr. Lardner's "Zone of Quiet" or "Champion" would perhaps receive more plaudits if they had been translated from the Polish or Italian. Verga is best known by the story that gives its title to this volume, "Cavalleria Rusticana." And that is well known because of the opera. After reading Mr. Lawrence's encomiums, I am rather surprised to find the stories unobjectionable.

Professor Jack R. Crawford has produced an admirable and much-needed work, "What to Read in English Literature." This is not an anthology but a guide. In one portly volume, Mr. Crawford traverses English literature chronologically, giving the titles of the best works of the best authors, with a list of authorities, critical and biographical essays, and suggestions for collateral reading. This is a good undertaking and well done. It will be found generally useful.

Colonel House's third and fourth volume of Memoirs, prepared for publication by the skilful and scholarly Professor Charles Seymour, are even more absorbing and valuable than their two predecessors. We are taken behind the scenes of the greatest tragic drama in history, and obtain a close and intimate view of every one of the chief actors. This is an invaluable contribution to historical knowledge. Two hundred years hence I can see research scholars in history poring over these books and getting material. Personally I have an immense admiration for the mind and character of Colonel House. In any matter of controversy between him and any one else, I should believe what he said until he could be proved in error. The relations between him and Wilson will always make interesting reading.

The accomplished British journalist J. A. Spender has written a book about the United States called "Through English Eyes." It differs from most books on America by foreigners in being free from attack, advice, and condescension. He frankly looks on the United States and on every other country through English eyes. He is an Englishman and an ardent lover of his country. But being a journalist of the highest rank, he knows what to look for, how to see it, and how to describe it. I especially recommend his chapter on prohibition.

I wish all novelists—and especially German novelists—would read Thornton Wilder's Foreword to "The Angel That Troubled the Waters," and earnestly consider his remarks on compression. Nearly all novels are too long, which is a serious defect. Turgenev used to write his stories at great length, and then boil them down to the irreducible minimum, a species of amenity

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that might well be followed more often. German novels are intolerably windy. The only German novel I ever read that was not too long is Sudermann's "Dame Care," probably the most artistic novel in that language. Sudermann's posthumous novel, "The Mad Professor," is altogether too long. And as for "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," which we are told is an immortal and epoch-making masterpiece, it is twice too long, and the author informs us that it is to be only one of a trilogy! I feel like the general in that charming play "Le Monde ou l'on s'ennuie" who, after hearing read an intolerably dull play, and imagining it was at long last all over, and he could return to the ordinary pleasures of life, was informed that it was only the first act.

Nearly every magazine article, nearly every sermon, nearly every lecture, nearly every speech, is *too long*. The ordinary listener in a church or lecture-hall or at a public dinner cannot escape. But the reader of a magazine is free; he begins an article with high anticipations; after he has read three pages, he looks to see how long it is; if he finds it is going to continue for fifteen more pages, he reads something else. Writers should not dump their minds on the printed page, but show some reverence both for their readers and for the principle of selection.

Lee Wilson Dodd has produced an excellent satire in verse called "The Great Enlightenment." It is witty and it is wise. In addition to the titular poem, I am glad to see that he has collected some of his other works, and included them in the volume. He is an able writer and what he says was never more needed than now.

Some good crime books are "The Man Who Laughed," by Gerard Fairlie; "The Black Heart," by Sydney Horler; "The 'Red Kite' Clue," by O. F. Jerome; "The Witness at the Window" and "The Corpse on the Bridge," by Charles Barry.

The whole world of readers owes a debt of gratitude to the Right Reverend Monsignor J. T. Slattery, of Troy, N. Y. He has collected the fruit of many years of study, reflection, and correspondence in "My Favourite Passage in Dante," where people from all over the wide earth have told him their individual preferences. If any one doubted the universality of Dante, this volume would cure him.

Monsignor Slattery's purpose in compiling and preparing this book "was the desire to arouse the ordinary reader's interest in Dante and so lead him to further study." I call it a complete success.

Hamlin Garland, who is acquainted with the world of nature and the world of books, who knows the high spots in Wyoming and in the roaring forties of New York, has continued his highly interesting autobiography with "Back-Trailers from the Middle Border." Nearly forty years ago Mr. Edward G. Buckland, who is now chairman of the board of directors of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, came to me in a state of considerable excitement. He had just been reading a new novel, "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly," by a young man named Hamlin Garland; and he insisted that I read it immediately. I did so and shared his enthusiasm. It was an honest, realistic book in a romantic setting. Since then Mr. Garland has written a large number of stories and essays, but the best

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work of his life came late, in four autobiographical works, which should be read in this order:

Trail-Makers of the Middle Border
A Son of the Middle Border
A Daughter of the Middle Border
Back-Trailers from the Middle Border

The best of these is the second, but they are all good, and taken together they make a contribution to American history and literature. The style of this fourth book is deceptive, being what I should call purposely naïve. Its details may confuse the sophisticated, but the author's intention is to me sufficiently clear.

Two volumes of the highest importance to all students of the contemporary drama, whether they are in school or out of it, are the complete Plays of J. M. Barrie and the complete Plays of John Galsworthy. Now if G. B. S. would follow suit—but he won't. There are twenty plays in the Barrie volume, and twenty-five in the other. Surely the most distinctive feature of school and college courses in literature is the study of modern drama. With every academic institution having an organization to produce plays, and with Little Theatres all over the United States, what is going to happen? Are we on the verge of something big? The anomaly is that with this prodigious excitement about the theatre, and with every schoolboy and schoolgirl wishing to write plays or act in them, the professional theatre exists only in New York. Nearly every person I meet has a manuscript in his pocket. It is probable that I am the only white man who has never written a play.

Henry W. Lanier, who founded that successful magazine *The Golden Book*, has retired from the editorship, and his place is taken by Edith O'Dell. I recently wrote to her to get information about the Bulldog Drummond Series, all five of which I have enjoyed reading, and am hungry for more. It is easy enough to buy them in London or on the Continent, but by no means so easy in America. They should be reprinted here as a series. They are wildly exciting crime stories, and in addition are full of mirth. A good combination of horror and humor, in the present fashionable style of burlesque melodrama. Be sure and read them in this order, provided you can get hold of them. I am told that numbers two and four are out of print, a situation that can easily be remedied.

Bulldog Drummond
The Black Gang
The Third Round
The Final Count
The Female of the Species

I read the fifth one in Paris last summer, before it had been published in America, but it is now available here. Miss O'Dell, after giving me much bibliographical information, writes: "I was particularly interested in your inquiry, as I know the author, Lieutenant-Colonel Cyril McNeile, and have been interested for years in the Bulldog Drummond Series." He writes under the name of Sapper.

The brilliant young Frenchman René Lacoste has written a book, "Tennis," with a preface by Mr. Tilden, which should be bought for three reasons: first, for the technical advice given by a master; second, for the profusion of pictures; third, because there is revealed in this work one of the finest sportsmen, one of the most impeccable gentlemen, one of the most charming personalities —Lacoste. By the way, I wonder if my comment on this book makes me a professional. So far as I can discover, if you

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do anything except play tennis, you are in danger of becoming a professional tennis-player.

In reading Lytton Strachey's sparkling book "Elizabeth and Essex," where every page is fascinating, I am moved to renewed reflection on the dominance of the novel. Two hundred years ago theological works in verse, like Pope's "Essay on Man," were best-sellers; but after the middle of the nineteenth century the novel overshadowed all other forms of literature, and its shadow shows no sign of growing less. The novel became the champion broadcaster for all sorts of ideas. Mrs. Humphry Ward was somewhat violently interested in theology, and wishing to interest a large number of people, she put her ideas into the form of a novel, "Robert Elsmere"; Edward Bellamy, being a Socialist, megaphoned his thoughts in a novel, "Looking Backward"; and since then the majority of novels contain almost anything and everything except a story. Toward the end of the last century the novel proceeded to take possession of the stage; the best-sellers were so quickly transformed into "plays" that one acute manager in New York said he had a scissors-and-paste man in his employ who he was certain could dramatize the city directory.

That craze passed like ping-pong; but in our time the predominance of the novel has taken a more dangerous form. It has conquered the fields of history and biography. H. G. Wells, a professional novelist, not only found the form of prose fiction convenient for all of his constantly changing ideas and propaganda, but he wrote the history of the world as a novelist would write it. Since that time a monstrous number of so-called biographical works are really novels, or at all events novelized. A conspicuous example is "Ariel," and one almost as good is "Disraeli." The brilliant author selects in the life of his hero the most sensational events or characteristics and produces a book, which under the guise of biography is a novel. Washington, Lincoln, Beecher, Andrew Jackson, General Grant, and many others are thus presented to a sensation-loving public.

The supreme master of this novelized form of biography is Lytton Strachey, and he has much to answer for in the sins of his imitators and followers. He is himself a scholar as well as a man of letters; he is well read in ancient and modern languages; he reflects deeply on history. But when he comes to write, he is essentially a novelist. He does not wilfully distort the truth; but by selecting events and characteristics most suitable for dramatic effect, he produces not a work of biography, but a biographical novel. "Elizabeth and Essex," emphatically worth reading, both for its charm and for its penetrating thought, is really a novel. As I escape from the enthralling glamour of this book, like a man coming out from under a spell, I ask myself, *Is this true?* Was Elizabeth really like that? Is this a truly historical portrait of King Philip? or of Essex? Frankly, I doubt it. I believe that if by some miracle we could be transported back to those times, and have the privilege of knowing these great characters intimately, they would not really seem as they are in this book. And if by an even more stupendous miracle we could not only change Time and Place, but Personality, and *be* the real Queen Elizabeth, we should not in these brilliant—oh, so brilliant—pages recognize our own portrait. We should im-

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agine he was writing about some one else.

The wheel has come full circle. I can remember when Herbert Spencer ridiculed Carlyle's idea of history, that it was the story of great men. Spencer minimized the individual, and insisted that history was the evolution of institutions. James Anthony Froude, with his charming and dramatic historical works, became the common laughing-stock of "historians," and "The Constitutional History of England," a valuable and unreadable work by Bishop Stubbs, was treated with immense respect. To-day, in comparison with the historical and biographical works that pullulate on every side, Froude seems almost dull and undramatic.

What shall we say to these things? Who shall deliver us from the body of this death? How amidst all this bewildering brilliance shall we ever know the truth about social or personal history?

Well, there is one way out for those who prefer the truth to attractive distortions of it. Read only the published documents—and in biography read the diaries. The "Autobiography of Abraham Lincoln" is a good corrective; and I wish now to rise in my place and publicly thank Allan Nevins for printing in one volume a selection of the colossal diary of John Quincy Adams. That intellectual rhinoceros not only kept his resolutions but kept a diary, a diary of prodigious length. It was published years ago in a formidable array of volumes. It is now out of print. Allan Nevins has gone through this vast mausoleum, selected the most significant passages, and put them into one big book. It is not only of extraordinary interest, this diary, but we have the satisfaction of being close to the actual truth.

Adams was probably our most scholarly President; he lived in stirring times. His temperament has been well described by John T. Morse, who said that the temptation to perform his duty was always strong with Adams; if the duty was a particularly disagreeable one, the temptation became ungovernable.

In an issue of this Magazine last autumn, I gave expression to my enthusiasm for the Beau Geste trilogy. To my surprise and pleasure, I received from the author, Captain Percival Christopher Wren, a copy of the limited de luxe edition of "Beau Geste." It is magnificently printed, abundantly illustrated in color, contains a fine portrait of the gallant captain, his book-plate, and an autograph inscription thanking me for my "Beau Geste in Scribner's."

In this column I recently wrote an account of Æ (George W. Russell) and of his marvellous powers in conversation. This drew from him so charming a letter that I wish to share my pleasure in it with my readers. He writes from the editorial office of *The Irish Statesman* in Dublin.

I have read with consternation the paragraph about me in SCRIBNER'S. Did I go on talking like that? I always supposed I was a silent man! I think I am, but my shyness must have burst when I was in your country and without my being aware of it. The desperately shy man goes on talking desperately. Please put it down to that. I am accustomed to sit silently when really good talkers like Yeats, James Stephens, Stephen MacKenna, Oliver Fogarty or George Moore start talking. They were prodigally endowed by nature with eloquence or wit. I would never break in on any of them once they got started. If I could induce Oliver Fogarty to go to America it would hear really good talk flashing out in every sentence. When George Moore wondered whether our Round Towers

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were Christian or pre-Christian, Oliver settled the question in ten words. "Pre-Christian, of course! no parish priest could get through the doorway!" Perhaps this sounds irreverent to you. I hesitate to repeat his philosophical reflection after he said that. "You know when the Word incarnated in Ireland it suffered from fatty degeneration of the heart." I am afraid his conversation would be censored in your country. Most Irish conversation would be. Our Government is making a beginning not with the spoken but by the censoring of the written word. Any literature "calculated to excite sexual passion" is prohibited as "indecent." Romeo and Juliet would go out and Shelley's "I arise from dreams of thee." I see our literature getting more and more Puritan and our conversation getting more and more Restoration. Come here in five years after the censorship and you will find the country publicly pure and privately abandoned. And the conversation will probably make your hair stand up. But I must not ramble on or you will say once I begin writing I never stop with the pen any more than I do with the tongue. Forgive its ten hours of wagging.

Yours sincerely,

Æ.

Any one who reads that letter can understand how immensely I enjoyed the conversation of this extraordinary man. Irishmen are good talkers. I know what Æ. means by his reference to Yeats (whom he calls Yeets) and to George Moore. Several times I have had the delight of hearing Yeats talk, and last summer I had three long, memorable conversations with George Moore in his house on Ebury Street. When I forget them, I shall have forgotten everything.

Miss Emily Lewis, of St. Louis, after reading in SCRIBNER'S of my conversations with George Bernard Shaw, writes me that last summer in England she was introduced to a man with a snowy beard at an amateur performance of "You Never Can Tell." She was so excited at meeting the author of the play that she could hardly say a word. In awestricken tones she told him how much she enjoyed his comedy. He took her tribute modestly. After this interview, she was so thrilled that she could not sleep that night. Next day she discovered her idol was not Shaw, but some one who looked like him.

With reference to the elusive word *aromite,* which occurs in a poem ascribed to Browning, which appears exclusively in Funk and Wagnalls Standard Dictionary, and which a dozen people have written me saying that it is a misprint for *aconite,* I have received an interesting letter from the Reverend A. A. Callaghan, of Kezar Falls, Maine:

> We were especially interested in the November number, and much intrigued by the little poem in which occurs the word "aromite." It surely does not read like the Robert Browning I know, but the word is a very familiar one to me, even though I do not know its meaning. My father and mother were Devonshire people and they both used the word a great deal. Father used to call my brother and me his "little aromites" whenever we were having one of our rollicking times with him, and often used it to my sister, who was especially quick-witted, when she would seem to get the better of him.
>
> Upon reading the little poem I asked Mrs. Callaghan if she had ever heard the word and she immediately answered that her father used it often. His family came to America soon after the *Mayflower* days, and the habitat of his ancestors was Scotland, though some of the family lived in England many years, and it was from that branch that the American immigrants came, I understand.

When I was a child, I owned a tiger kitten which I named Epaminondas Alcibiades Pentacoseomedimni. He was called Pammy for short, and lived only three weeks. And now comes a letter from Professor John D. Rea, of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, who informs me that *his* cat is called Epaminondas.

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Upon my informing him of Epaminondas the First, he writes:

I didn't suppose there had ever been another Epaminondas in the whole catalogue of cats. The way *my* Pam got his name was strictly logical—or philological. I used to have a smoke-colored Angora named Pat. In memory of him and of Pam's father, named Sam, he was called Pam quite naturally by a sort of telescoping of the two words: Pat plus Sam equals Pam. Of course, these short names are all right among friends or in the bosom of the family; but a cat is too dignified a personage not to have a longer name for more formal occasions. So from Pam grew Epaminondas; you will recognize the linguistic process as very similar to that by which any philologian can prove that Middletown was named for Moses, by merely dropping the oses and adding iddletown.

Both Pam and I are, however, deeply gratified to learn of the late lamented member of your household by the same name. Please give my regards to his five successors and also to Rufus H. Phelps, whom I should like to meet some day.

Professor Lewis A. Harding, of Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas, read the entire "Faery Queene" through last Spring, and thus joins the F. Q. Club. He wrote a Spenserian stanza to commemorate the occasion.

I am writing in my winter home—for so I consider it—Augusta, Ga. The Conversation Club holds its session in our excellent hotel every morning, and in the afternoon we live on the links. We sadly miss dear old Major Black, the gallant Confederate veteran, who recently died, full of years. But we have General J. G. Harbord, Doctor Francis Carter Wood, Charles, Duke of Lancaster, George Gray, Cabot Morse, George Clapp, Justice Thompson, Horace Marshall, "Bishop" McLaughlin, "Professor" Lamb, Doctor Sullivan, "Judge" Underwood, Professor George H. Nettleton, Elon Hooker, Charles Cooley, John Dougherty, President McCracken of Vassar, and other notables. On Christmas night Mr. A. E. Martin, friend of all the world, got up a grand Christmas celebration, with a gorgeous tree.

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Apropos of a Dutch Exhibition in London

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

When these pages see the light the exhibition with which they are in large measure concerned will be drawing toward its close. This exhibition, moreover, is held three thousand miles away, assembled by the Anglo-Batavian Society in London. Nevertheless I need make no apology for touching upon it in this place. The Dutch exhibition, established from January to March at Burlington House, like the Flemish one organized in the same place two years ago, is an affair of distinctly international interest. It ought to possess, too, a special significance for Americans, since our traffic with the old masters has from the start been marked by a deep sympathy for Rembrandt and his school. I can well remember the excitement when his portrait of "The Gilder, Herman Doomer," was brought to this country, to pass into the Havemeyer collection. It was, I believe, the first major example of the master to reach these shores and the enthusiasm with which it was received was prophetic. We have been ardent in pursuit of all the schools. The eighteenth century in France and England, the seventeenth in Spain, and, more recently, the Italian Renaissance are all represented in American collections. But, as is natural enough, after all, in the New Netherlands, we have reserved a peculiar fidelity for the Dutch. I cannot forbear some more or less detailed allusion to the evidences of this fact.

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In the year 1909 there was held at the Metropolitan Museum, as part of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration, a remarkable exhibition of Dutch and early American art. The Dutch wing contained about 150 pictures, forming an ensemble extraordinarily brilliant and representative. There were then seventy Rembrandts in this country and thirty-seven of them were at the Museum. The late Henry C. Frick lent the great Ilchester portrait which the master painted of himself in 1658, one of the noblest monuments in his art. Mrs. Havemeyer lent "The Gilder" and Mrs. C. P. Huntington that glorious souvenir of 1653, "The Savant," which has since been rechristened "Aristotle" and is now in the collection of Mr. Erickson. From the late George J. Gould came "The Standard Bearer," owned a hundred years ago by Sir Joshua Reynolds. To-day it is part of the imposing collection formed by Mr. Jules S. Bache and has been contributed by him to the London exhibition. The late Pierpont Morgan lent three of the Rembrandts, one of them the stately "Nicolaes Ruts." But to particularize further would be to release too great a flood of memories. Practically all the leading lights of the school were there. On one of them, to

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be sure, I simply cannot help but pause. Out of the seven Vermeers at that time in American hands there was only one missing from the Metropolitan! The six on the walls were Mrs. Huntington's "Lady with Lute," Mr. Morgan's "Lady Writing," the Museum's own priceless gift from Mr. Marquand, the "Girl with Water Jug," Mr. Frick's "Music Lesson," Mr. Johnson's "Lady with Guitar," and Mr. Altman's "Girl Sleeping." What a galaxy they made! And as one breathes a sigh of satisfaction over these and other testimonies to the judgment and alertness of American connoisseurship, one breathes another over the thought of subsequent developments.

The number of Vermeers in America has been doubled since 1909. One of the finest of the later acquisitions, the "Head of a Young Girl" belonging to Secretary Mellon, has gone to London. The increase in Rembrandts has been likewise portentous. I think of the spacious room at Mr. Widener's, with "The Mill" presiding serenely over a marvellous group. I think of "The Polish Rider" at the Frick gallery, of Mr. Bache's superb examples, of Mr. Erickson's "Aristotle" aforementioned, of the two Rembrandts in the Taft collection out at Cincinnati, of Mr. Mellon's "Old Woman with a Bible," and, in short, of a veritable cosmos dedicated to the master on our soil. Decidedly the Dutch tradition has its devotees in the United States, a cult for all its masters.

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This cult has sent its tribute to London, reviving the generosity which made us such effective participants in the Flemish exhibition, and I must record the facts of our embassy. Action in the matter was, as on the previous occasion, taken by Sir Joseph Duveen, a member of the committee. Bestirring himself amongst the collectors he brought together an impressive group. Mr. Bache contributed two supreme pieces, the "Christ with a Pilgrim's Staff" and "The Standard Bearer." The first is a painting of strange solemnity, one of Rembrandt's most deeply felt religious paintings. The other illustrates him in a mood of grave mundane pomp. Mr. Jacob Epstein's "Old Man in a Red Cap" denotes the master's clairvoyant sympathy for the pathos of age. In "The Accountant" belonging to Mr. Charles M. Schwab, he paints a man in his prime. Finally in "A Young Man at Table," lent by Mr. Mellon, we have him depicting gaillard youth. I make these differentiating notes to bring out the fact that so far as Rembrandt is concerned America has sent to Burlington House a singularly varied and interesting number of examples. Hals, whose appeal is essentially that of technical virtuosity, is represented from amongst us by four studies of character which if less piercingly eloquent, psychologically speaking, than the Rembrandts, are nevertheless characteristically vivid and moving. He was the whole-souled celebrant of the joy of living, and the four pictures for London speak exhilaratingly of his lusty realism. Mr. John R. Thompson lends "The Merry Lute Player," Mr. John McCormack his smiling "Portrait of a Man," Mr. Frank P. Wood "A Portrait of a Man Seated," and Mr. Bache perhaps the most gorgeous bit of Hals bravura of them all, the flashing "Claas Duyst van Voorhout." Mr. Bache has been very open-handed. Besides his two Rembrandts and the Hals he has lent the "Curiosity" of Terborch, one of the most polished triumphs of that "little old master." Two Vermeers have gone across the sea

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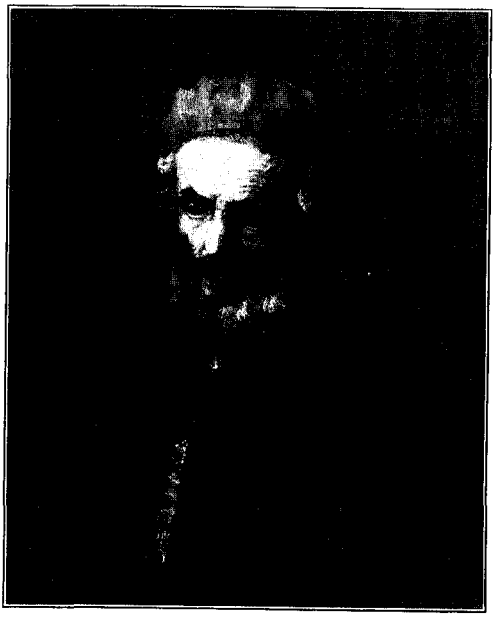
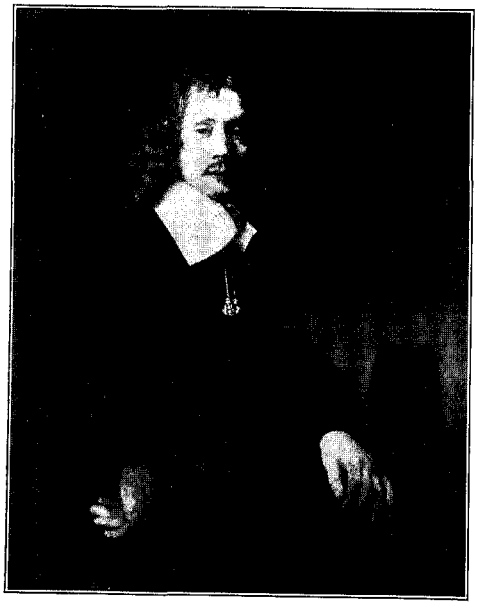
Christ with a Pilgrim's Staff.

From the Rembrandt lent by Jules S. Bache to the Dutch exhibition.



An Old Man in a Red Cap.

From the Rembrandt lent by Jacob Epstein to the Dutch exhibition.



A Young Man at a Table.

From the Rembrandt lent by Secretary Mellon to the Dutch exhibition.

The Accountant.

From the Rembrandt lent by Charles M. Schwab to the Dutch exhibition.

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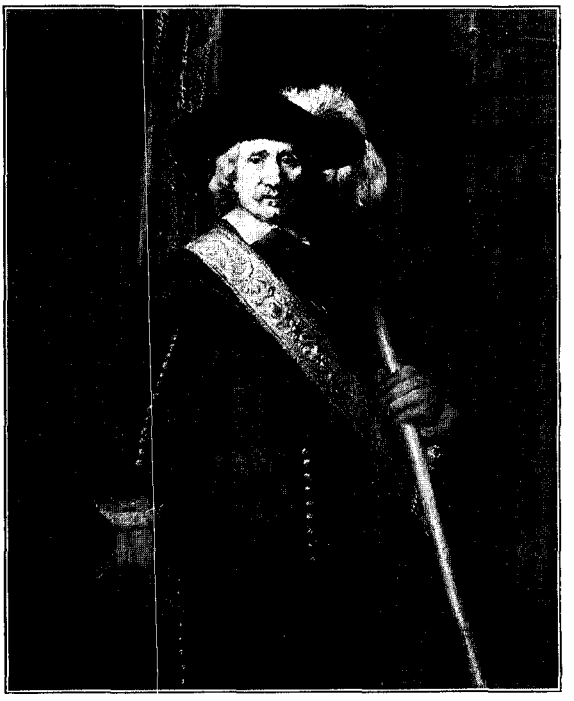
A Wooded Landscape with a Ruined House.

From the Hobbema lent by Mrs. B. F. Jones to the Dutch exhibition.



The Standard Bearer.

From the Rembrandt lent by Jules S. Bache to the Dutch exhibition.

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Portrait of a Man Seated.

From the Hals lent by Frank P. Wood to the Dutch exhibition.

Claas Duyst van Voorhout.

From the Hals lent by Jules S. Bache to the Dutch exhibition.

Portrait of a Man.

From the Hals lent by John McCormack to the Dutch exhibition.

The Merry Lute Player.

From the Hals lent by John R. Thompson to the Dutch exhibition.

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Portrait of a Lady.

From the Vermeer lent by E. W. Edwards to the Dutch exhibition.

Head of a Young Girl.

From the Vermeer lent by Secretary Mellon to the Dutch exhibition.

Curiosity.

From the Terborch lent by Jules S. Bache to the Dutch exhibition.

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for the duration of the exhibition, Mr. Mellon's pearly "Head of a Young Girl" and a beguiling small canvas, a "Portrait of a Lady," belonging to Mr. E. W. Edwards. One great landscape rounds out the American contingent, Hobbema's "Wooded Landscape with a Ruined House," owned by Mrs. B. F. Jones.

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These loans swell a phenomenal collection, developed through the cooperation of governments and private owners. The Anglo-Batavian Society exists to further good-will between Great Britain and Holland and there is no agency directed toward that end more potent than one given to the things of the mind. Before his illness King George had agreed to lend five of his pictures, one of them Rembrandt's "The Magi Adoring Christ," a gem that, being at Buckingham Palace, is generally unfamiliar. At this writing I hear nothing of "The Shipbuilder and His Wife" also being lent. It seems a pity. Among the royal loans, on the other hand, is one of the most famous of the Vermeers, the "Lady and Gentleman Playing the Virginals." From all over Britain there have come important works. The National Gallery of Scotland, for example, sends, in addition to a Rembrandt and a Hals, one of the notable Vermeers, the deeply interesting "Christ with Mary and Martha." Two more Rembrandts and two portraits of laughing children by Hals are the contributions from Glasgow and the Dublin gallery figures in the list. The National Gallery in London, I infer, will do as it did at the time of the Flemish exhibition, retain on its own walls the great pieces with which it illustrates the subject. It seems natural enough, though its Rembrandts would strengthen the effect at Burlington House and it has examples of other masters which would count enormously, especially of Karel Fabritius, the master of Vermeer. I recall particularly in the National Gallery an exquisite little "Nativity" by the Dutch Primitive, Geertgen tot Sint Jans. One likes to think of what that would add to the representation of its period at Burlington House. At least it is readily accessible in its permanent home. Certain other of the necessarily numerous absentee pictures it is painful to have withheld. Austria, with the best will in the world, could not see its way —and I do not blame them—to sending either the stupendous "Willem van Heythuysen" of Hals from the Liechtenstein gallery, or Count Czernin's renowned Vermeer.

The omissions, however, cannot dim the splendor of what is actually shown. Out of its tremendous collection the Rijksmuseum of Amsterdam has drawn more than a score of pictures for England, among them the great "Jewish Bride" of Rembrandt and three Vermeers. The Mauritshuis at The Hague likewise sends three Vermeers, two fine Rembrandts and divers other pieces. Berlin and Leipzig have added loans and the museums of Bucharest, Copenhagen, and Stockholm are represented. Some private collectors on the Continent have collaborated but in this category it is the British who have come most noticeably to the front. Rembrandts from Sir Herbert Cook, Steens from the Duke of Wellington, Rembrandts from the Duke of Portland and others, a perfect cloud of treasure is indicated in the documents I have thus far been able to obtain. All told there are between forty and fifty Rembrandts on the walls and out of the twoscore Vermeers in the world Burlington House

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shows twelve. Leading this latter outstanding group is the historic "View of Delft" lent by the Mauritshuis, which is a landmark in the history of open-air painting. There are hundreds of exhibits. Besides the paintings, which of course have the bulk of the space, there are drawings and etchings, with a certain amount of Dutch silver. The pictorial display, I should add, as at the Flemish exhibition, is brought down to modern times. The concluding section not only embraces the famous figures of the nineteenth century, such as Mauve, Israels, Bosboom, the Marises and all that company, but a considerable number of the paintings of Vincent Van Gogh.

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What is the character of the large assemblage? Even at a distance it is possible to envisage it. It could not have quite the same range as the Flemish. The Dutch Primitives, for example, though they include such important types as Geertgen, Lucas Van Leyden, Jan Scorel and divers other interesting artists, offer no such portents as the Van Eycks. In fact Dutch art in its most arresting aspects is largely the art of the seventeenth century. It is an expression of that liberation of the spirit which followed upon the successful termination of the long struggle with Spain. It reflects, too, the temper of the Reformation. Naturally you will not find in Protestant Holland quite the order of religious art inevitable amongst her Catholic neighbors. There will be devotional fervors but they will manifest themselves in a totally different tradition. Nor will you find among the artists of a state given to commerce and the domesticities quite that relation between painter and patron which existed between the Flemish Primitives and the Dukes of Burgundy, or that aristocratic habit of mind which later made Rubens and Van Dyck as facile in the ways of the court as in those of the studio. No, there could not but be a drastic difference between the Flemish and the Dutch exhibitions, differences inherent in matters social, religious, historical. But in respect to sheer greatness in art Holland, in her heyday of expansion, was dowered as though by miracle, and Burlington House has opened its doors to some astonishing craftsmen.

Their very concentration between the limits of a few generations makes their traits the more easily perceptible. One forgets chronology—so many of the masters were contemporaries—and looks simply to the segregation of tastes, modes, aptitudes, individualities. The genre painters, working on a small scale, come immediately into the foreground, the members of that school which with characteristic Dutch sense faced the world as it was and gave the public what it wanted, pictures of familiar life meet to be hung as decorations on the walls of cosey interiors—otherwise adorned with family portraits whose production was allied to the very genius of a nation. I have glanced at the difference, religiously considered, between Bruges and Haarlem, Antwerp and Amsterdam. There was no place in a Dutch church for a vast polyptych like the "Adoration of the Lamb" which the Van Eycks erected in the cathedral at Ghent. And in many a Dutch home there was more of an impulse to sing a jolly drinking song than to say a paternoster. The painters played up. They delineated boors at their rude amusements, roisterers of both sexes, or from those jovial scenes, sometimes carried to the point of coarseness, they passed to the commemoration of the better Dutch society, from the lout to the

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burgher and the man at arms, from the courtesan to the housewife and the lady idly strumming the spinet or counting her pearls. It is a very intimate, human spectacle that is unfolded in the modestly scaled designs of Brouwer (for whom the Flemish and the Dutch schools dispute), Van Ostade, Steen, De Hooghe, Vermeer and a dozen others. Its intimacy is one of its most compelling charms. Dutch painting is vibrant with the movement of Dutch life.

In a recent book about Gari Melchers, an American artist who has lived and painted much in Holland, I find a Dutch phrase which he long ago inscribed over his studio door, "Waar en Klaar," True and Clear. It might appropriately be affixed just now to the portals of Burlington House, for it exactly designates the ideal of the school temporarily installed there. Truth and clarity prevail overwhelmingly in Dutch painting. The classical tendency in organization which is so marked in Italian art gives place, despite occasional traffic with Italy, to a markedly direct interrogation of nature. Through native genius rather than through contact with convention the school develops sound ideas of ordered design, but on the whole it trusts to the spontaneous apprehension of the phenomena of the visible world. This tells both in the genre pictures to which I have alluded and in the landscapes of such men as Hercules Seghers, De Koninck, Jan Van Goyen, Jakob Ruisdael and Hobbema. In fact the purpose of the whole school might be said to amount to nothing more adventurous than accurate observation and registration. But this view of the matter would leave out of account the operation of pure genius, which by itself has always the leading rôle in any school. I am thinking here especially of Vermeer and Rembrandt.

The former, whether painting one of his magical interiors or an atmospheric study like the famous "View of Delft," is one of those incomparable individualities who seem, just by the legerdemain of the brush, to achieve immortal things. His significance in the London show is partly that of an Impressionist born ahead of his time, partly that of a born historian of costume and manners, but above all that of a painter's painter, who carried the mere manipulation of pigment to a breath-taking point of perfection. Rembrandt, again, functioning so magisterially as portrait-painter for the worthies of his time, disclosed his true authority in works of sublime creative art, moving dramatizations of subjects sacred and profane. He knew the meaning of those words, "Waar en Klaar." He knew all about the exact recording of the fact. Some of his early portraits are map-like in their painstaking reality. But like all the other high-erected figures in European painting, like a Dürer or a Leonardo, he has in him elements of universality. It is inspiring to reflect on his precise relation to the vast exhibition in London. All around him are the men who strove with their feet upon the ground, painters of the truth and magnificent technicians, too. Did not Professor Van Dyke write a book to show that many of them were capable of painting pictures good enough to have got absorbed into the *œuvre* of Rembrandt? But there is no mistaking the master's pre-eminence. The rest, as I have said, have their feet upon the ground. He carries the school to the heights of Olympus.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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In His Own Country

(Continued from page 310 of this number.)

talked sometimes all afternoon while she worked neatly. Pete Hastings was shy the first time he came to the house. She spoke nicely to him, making him understand something had happened that placed her far beyond him, and it would be foolish for him to have thoughts of making love to a woman who was so respected by everybody in the town. At first he had shrugged his shoulders, sneering, but he became impressed finally. Old Mrs. Lawson liked him, so he came often and had long conversations with Flora about Bill, who walked to his bed in the evening. Three times Pete weeded the garden for her; the beans and lettuce and carrots were ripe.

He sat on the back steps with her in the early afternoon, while she basted on a sleeve in a dress she was making for Mrs. Eggleston. He had on a white shirt, the sleeves rolled up, and was mopping his forehead with a big handkerchief. The air was hot and sticky and heavy; there had been no rain the first seven days in July. The early roses were blooming and the wild-rose climber, on the picket fence, was a spray of blossoms.

"It's kind of hot sitting out here in the sun," he said.

"What do you want to do, Pete?"

"I'd like you to come along for a walk in the shade, but you won't do that any more."

"No, I wouldn't do it; besides, I got to look after Bill now."

"Well, let's sit in the kitchen; it's cool there, anyway."

Doubtfully, she looked at him, for she had made up her mind not to be alone in the house with him any more. Bill was sitting in the kitchen, but Pete never seemed to notice him. She was afraid that she would encourage Pete to make love to her and regret it afterward, when other people heard about it.

They sat down in the kitchen. Pete, nodding his head at Bill, said: "How is he?"

"Just the same."

"He'll always be just the same."

"Well, what if he is the same?"

"It's no good for you, a pretty little woman like you, and the likes of him to keep you company all night."

"He's more to me than that. In a way he's never meant so much to me as he does now."

"Oh, go on."

"No, I mean it."

"But it's different about you and me. He, himself, would see that he's no good to you in many ways, so if you feel that way . . ."

"I want to feel that way."

"Well, you could still feel that way, and I'd be loving you only because he couldn't. You needn't think any the less of him."

"I know, it sounds all right."

"Sure; come here, Flora." He got up, moved close to her, picked her up off the chair, and sat down with her on his knee. For a moment she sat on his knee without moving, his hands were warm and heavy, her whole body was tingling, then she straightened her legs suddenly and said: "Put me down, Pete; do you hear? Put me down, put me down, put me down!"

"Lord, Flora, what's got into you?"

She moved away from him, smoothing her dress. Bill was sitting in his chair by the window, his head turned away from her. Leaning forward, she listened earnestly, then her shoulders drooped and she sighed. "I can't get used to him," she muttered. "I have a feeling he knows everything that's going on in the kitchen."

"He's not even looking at us, Flora. Come on."

"No, it isn't worth while."

"Is that so?"

"Yeah, it's so."

Pete's smooth, heavy face took on a sullen expression. She heard some one at the window say: "I'd like a cream puff, or a chocolate éclair."

She turned abruptly. Bill's lips moved again, his eyes retaining the expression of indifference: "I'd like a cream puff."

"Bill, oh, Bill," she said. "You heard it, Pete? Oh, Bill." But he didn't move his lips again.

Distracted she turned around twice, then rushed into the front room, looking for her mother-in-law, who had gone to call on one

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of the neighbors, and wouldn't be home for at least an hour. She told Pete to go down to the store and get some cream puffs and run all the way back. Pete opened his mouth to be sullen, but couldn't help watching Bill. He went out the front door.

She shook Bill's head. He would not speak again. She stood on the back steps and yelled: "Mrs. Fulton, Mrs. Fulton, Mrs. Fulton." Mrs. Fulton, wiping her hands on her apron, said: "I never heard anything like it in my life. I'll come right in." As soon as she came into the kitchen, they heard Pete coming in the front door with a bag of cream puffs. Flora opened the bag, took one, her hand trembling as she put it on a plate, and got a fork from the table drawer. She put the plate in front of Bill, and began to cry quietly when he took the cream puff in his hand and began to eat slowly, enjoying it thoroughly. Flora felt that if any one said anything he would stop eating, so she kept a finger on her lips, warning Pete and Mrs. Fulton. He finished the cream puff, took a deep breath, and turned his head from them.

Bill's mother talked anxiously to Flora when they had strawberries and cream together at tea-time. Flora put down her spoon suddenly and said: "I'm going for a little walk. I want to be alone a while." Her forehead had got hot and her heart was beating unevenly. Her mother-in-law saw that she was excited and didn't object when she went out the front door.

Flora walked along the cinder path, walking lightly, her legs moving slowly. At the corner she hesitated, smiled to herself, and crossed over to Starrs' gate and walked up the driveway to the front door. Mrs. Starr opened the door for her and said it was thoughtful of Mrs. Lawson to call and come right in and have a cup of tea with her. Flora sat down at Mrs. Starr's table, wondering where the woman's husband was at tea-time. The room was large, with an elegant plate-rail, many colored cups and plates on it, and there was a fine soft rug and polished walnut furniture. Mrs. Starr's tiny head and beaky nose bobbed up and down, listening to the story about the cream puff. Flora talked slowly, importantly, and took three cups of tea, and Mrs. Starr made many handsome efforts to be very friendly. "I was thinking of your husband, Bill, two nights ago," she said. "So yesterday I got a little present for him. Something a man like Bill will appreciate later on when he gets a little better. I'll get it now."

Taking short steps, she left the room and went up-stairs. Flora leaned back in the chair, contented and comfortable. Mrs. Starr came down again with a large holy picture, holding it out with both hands—a picture of a red sacred heart, some white angels, and a blue background and a gold frame.

"He had a religious turn of mind and this is the sort of thing that'll appeal to him," Mrs. Starr said.

"The colors are lovely," Flora said. "And it's so generous of you. I'll take it right along with me."

"I'll wrap it up," Mrs. Starr said.

Holding the picture, wrapped neatly in thick brown paper, under her arm, Flora walked down the driveway to the corner. She did not want to go home at once, she felt lively, exhilarated, and decided to go for a walk by herself, south past the old rough-cast house. Every few steps she took a deep breath, but had no interesting thoughts; simply happy because she knew Bill would get better, and she had avoided a complicated affair with Pete. She walked all the way down the water-works, a low dark-brick building, and heard the engines and smelled the steam, and took a drink of water that she couldn't swallow because it seemed to taste of steam. A cool breeze was coming from the bay. She stood up straight, brushing strands of hair off her forehead to get the cool air. At the back of the building, by the water's edge, she heard voices, and knew some fellows were sitting on the bench under the eave. They heard her footfalls on the picket walk; her legs were in view and the outline of her body. Some one whistled softly and a fellow said smoothly: "Nice legs." She turned round rapidly, going back, and the same voice called: "Where'd you get those legs?" She called, "Shut up, you pigs," and the voice jeered again: "Yeah, nice legs for a piano." Then she was on the street.

The sky was very dark over the bay and the water slapped on the beach. Her thoughts flowed peacefully again. "I'm a lucky woman; I wouldn't let Pete touch me now for a million dollars." Holding the holy picture tightly, she glanced around, as if expecting to see him so she could sneer at him. Suddenly she wanted to run along the street like a tomboy laughing happily. A drop of rain fell on her forehead and she stood under a maple-

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tree. The town was very quiet and the wind blew through the leaves of the tree. The wind blew a piece of newspaper along the road, holding it against a fence-post.

The rain came down, and as she approached the fence-post the paper got wet and slid to the ground. She was glad of the rain, and the feel of it falling upon her head and shoulder and streaming down her neck, as she walked home, holding the face of the picture tightly against her breasts. Only the paper on the back got wet.

The old lady was darning a sock in the kitchen. Bill sat beside her in his chair, his hands linked on his belly, dozing comfortably, a man relaxing in his own home. Flora had imagined that she would talk angrily about the men down at the water-works, but, instead, smiled good-naturedly, unwrapping the picture, while her mother-in-law scolded her for getting wet. At first Bill's mother didn't appreciate the picture, but she got used to the colors, holding it at various angles, and was pleased and excited when she heard that Mrs. Starr would have tea with them to-morrow. She insisted Flora tell her everything Mrs. Starr had said.

Her clothes were wet, and Flora undressed in the front room. Now she thought of the fellows who had yelled at her as she hurried away from them, and wondered if she were getting old and fat; not old, though probably much fatter, and made up her mind to start dieting to-morrow. She sat on the side of the bed, sticking out her bare legs, smooth, round, plump, well-shaped legs, and was indignant that any one would cry out: "Piano legs."

Outside the rain had stopped, so she changed her dress quickly. The sun was shining brightly through the back window into the kitchen. Mrs. Fulton and her mother-in-law were talking over the back fence, very friendly, because Mrs. Fulton was going away to the city. Her husband had been out of work all summer; not a single boat had been in the dry dock. The grass had grown long in Fulton's back yard and the house needed painting. A wheelbarrow, fallen over, and a ladder had lain on the grass all summer. Some one had moved the ladder, and two wide yellow lines were on the thick green grass. Passing the time, she looked in the kitchen cupboards and discovered they needed sugar. Mrs. Fulton would come in, she thought, before going away, and would make an earnest effort to have a talk to Bill: a nice woman, Mrs. Fulton, though a bit envious of Flora's importance in the neighborhood. Flora patted her hair, looking at herself in the mirror, and then took her purse, hanging on the kitchen door-knob. She went out the front door, going down the road to get some sugar.

The creek had almost dried up under the wooden bridge. The sun, red in the late afternoon, had passed over the town to the hills. The red sun was setting behind the blue hills, and it shone on the fields and the farms on the hills till they gleamed like lakes in a wooded country. Behind, over the bay, white clouds were banked high on strips of blue. Over the tracks she met Marjorie Stevens, the priest's housekeeper, dressed neatly in black and carrying a blue silk parasol. Marjorie stood talking to her under a maple-tree, the branches spreading over the sidewalk. Marjorie Stevens, one of the most interesting women in town, was friendly, and it occurred to Flora that they might have much to say to each other, now that they were both dignified. Some day Marjorie would ask about Bill, and she would ask about Marjories's husband, who hadn't been seen since he went to the city.

"It's only a question of time before Bill gets better, I think," Marjorie said.

"Maybe in a year, I hope, and you may be sure he'll not bother again with studyin' and too many books."

"He's very distinguished with his black beard. Will he keep it?"

"I think he will. I want him to."

"Are you going down-street?"

"Yes, I just discovered I was out of sugar. Isn't that sun strong before it goes down."

"Take my arm, dear, so we'll both be under my parasol, and we'll talk as we go along."

THE END.

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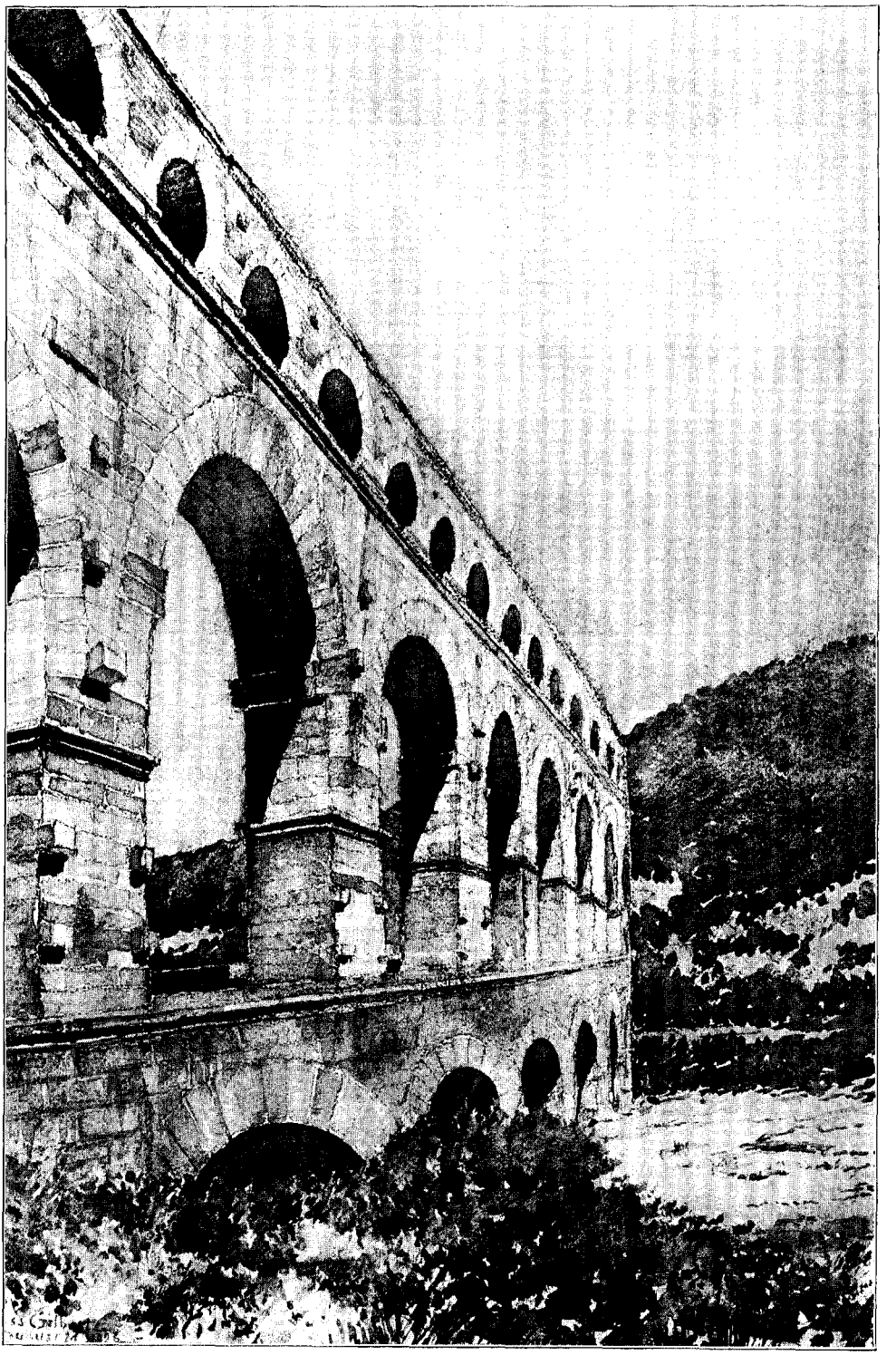

Pont du Gard, France.

August, 1926.

From a water-color by Cass Gilbert.

—See "An Architect's Holidays," page 415.

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